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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD AFTER CULLODEN.

CHARLES fled from the fatal field of Culloden along the great Caledonian Valley—the most direct route to the West Coast of Scotland; whence he hoped to make his escape to the Continent, and wait for better times. An aged female, who died within recent years in Stratherne, recollected the terrified appearance of Charles and his companions in flight, as like so many apparitions, they appeared on the plain on which, at the time, she gazed with the unsuspecting composure of childhood. The party made direct for the old house of Gortuleg. Here Simon, Lord Lovat, compromised so deeply in the plot to restore the Stewart dynasty, was waiting in the greatest anxiety for tidings of the action that was fought on that eventful day. The unexpected arrival of the Prince in the plight he was now in, threw the crafty old politician into paroxysms of rage and fear; and, on meeting Charles, he exclaimed in agony of mind, "Cut off my head, your Royal Highness, cut off my head!"—truly anticipating the fate that awaited him so soon thereafter on Tower Hill. Charles, notwithstanding his own predicament, was self-possessed, behaved with dignity, and used all his pleasant arts to calm down the affrighted old man, assuring him that the reverse was temporary, and that he would soon return to Scotland with a force that would carry him in triumph to the British throne. Whether Simon believed this or not, he became more composed for the nonce, kissed the Prince in parting, and showered good wishes upon him, destined, alas! never to be realised.

Charles and his companions continued their course westwards, and arrived at Invergarry Castle early on the morning of the 17th April—the day after the battle. Here they found scant accommodation, and had to lie down in their clothes on the bare floor, on which they slept soundly, without feeding or bedding, till it was far on in the day. This was the first tasting Charles had of those almost unparalleled hardships of the next five months; which he survived almost by miracle. Whoever reads the story of his escapes will not wonder, though the belief, never to be realised, remained on his mind, that Providence reserved him for playing an important part in the future of his life. On awaking from their slumbers, tormented with the cravings of hunger, there was not a morsel of food to be found. But fortunately one of the party spied a net in the Garry, drew it to land, and found in it a beautiful salmon. This

was a most acceptable circumstance. A fire was kindled upon the cold hearth, and with the help of a broken iron pot they managed to cook the fish, and dine thereupon without either salt or bread. From Invergarry they continued their weary journey westwards to the coast of Arisaig. Here Charles expected a vessel to take him to France. But he was disappointed; and to be at as great a distance as possible from his eager pursuers, on the 24th he embarked in a boat for the Long Island—the concatenation of islands consisting of Barra, the two Uists, Benbecula, and other smaller islands of this western archipelago. After two months of incredible hardships, Charles left the Long Island, and on the 29th of June, in company with Flora Macdonald, landed on the coast of Waterish, in the Island of Skye. He was dressed in a coarse printed gown, a light coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camblet with a hood. A native of Skye—the father of the late Donald Macdonald, pipemaker, Edinburgh—then a boy, told Mr Robert Chambers that he distinctly remembered the landing of Charles and his companion, Flora. He was herding cattle at the time; and on observing him, the better dressed lady, Flora, enquired for a well which she said was near hand. The herd-boy led them to it. The taller of the two ladies, Charles, put her hand, he said, into her pocket, produced a leathern drinking cup, and having satisfied her thirst, gave the boy a silver coin—the first, he said, he ever possessed; and which, he added, “I did not think the less of, that it was given by my dear Prince;” an instance of the enthusiasm for Charles that remained in the hearts of these true men to their latest breath. This man survived till the year 1827, and died at the great age of 107. Charles wandered in Skye till the 5th of July, and then sailed for the mainland, and landed in the neighbourhood of Lochnevis. Here he was closely pursued; and he shifted from place to place till the 30th of July. At this juncture he was in greatest danger; and was nearer capture than he was at any other period of his wanderings. So hemmed in was he and his companions, and so near were his pursuers, that they could be seen in the light of their watchfires. He and his guides escaped on all fours, along the course of a ravine on a dark night. Macdonald of Glenalladale, who was one of his guides, made the experiment alone to begin with; and having succeeded unperceived, returned to his friends, whom he led along the same rugged path, and so they escaped their watchful pursuers once more. But dangers were accumulating on all sides; and Glenalladale was utterly at a loss what to do, or whither to go; when, fortunately, he met a Glengarry man who recognised him—a fugitive from the persecutions of Cumberland and his bands. To this man he unbosomed himself—told him of his extremities and those of young Clanranald, his companion, as he called Charles—and was informed to his great relief, of the Glenmoriston men; “who,” the Glengarry man said, “he was sure would befriend him and young Clanranald.” After the battle of Culloden about seventy Glenmoriston men were induced by fair promises, to go to Inverness and deliver up their arms, in the belief that they would, on these conditions, receive a Government “protection,” and be permitted to return peaceably to their own homes. Several of them had taken no part in the rebellion. These complied in order to escape the indiscriminate persecution waged even against such as were only sus-

pected of complicity in the late "Rising." No distinction, however, was made. They were all deprived of their arms, imprisoned, and soon after shipped for the British plantations, whence, with two exceptions, none of them returned. Several, however, who suspected the good faith of Government, escaped the trap into which their less fortunate companions had fallen; and these banded themselves together in self-defence, and for self-preservation by arms, in case this should be necessary. Accordingly they took an oath "never to yield, and to fight to the death for each other, and never give up their arms." They were, Patrick Grant—Patrick dubh Chrascie; John Macdonell, Alexander Macdonell, Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, brothers; and Gregor Macgregor. Subsequently, Hugh Macmillan joined the party, and took the same oath. They were not robbers as they have been represented by certain of the historians of the Rebellion; simply so many crofters and small farmers who were driven by the necessities of those times to take measures for self-preservation. To them Glenalladale introduced Charles as young Clanranald. But those of them who "had been out," recognised him at once; his wretched habiliments notwithstanding, and welcomed him with the most profound demonstrations of loyalty. At Charles' special desire they took the following oath, which shows how apprehensive of danger he was at this crisis of his history. The oath was, "That all the curses in the Scriptures should come upon them and their children should they not prove faithful to him in the greatest dangers, or should they discover him to man, woman, or child, till they were assured he was beyond reach of his enemies." So well did these humble but faithful men keep their word, that after parting with Charles, they did not speak even to each other of his having been with them, till a whole year after he had landed on the shores of France.

At this period of his wanderings the Prince and his attendants had their headquarters in the wilds of Coiregho, in the mountainous range that separates Glenmoriston from Kintail. Far back in this uninhabited region there is a cave, large and spacious, with a fountain of pure water gushing out at its furthest extremity. It was anciently known as "Uaimh Ruairidh," Rory's cave, a celebrated hunter in his day, and who lived in this cave. But ever since it afforded shelter to Prince Charles, it has retained the name of "Uaimh Phrionns," the Prince's Cave. Unto this place of nature's own construction, his new friends brought his Royal Highness, and after a fast of forty-eight hours, entertained him at a feast of mutton, butter, cheese, and whisky. The day following one of them shot a large deer, and others brought a live ox, which they had taken from a party of soldiers, who were carrying provisions to the garrison of Fort-Augustus. With no bread, and little salt, Charles, as he said, "feasted like a Prince on beef and venison." On the 2d of August, three days after his arrival at Coiregho, they removed from this cave to one equally romantic in another secluded wild, called "An Coire Sgreabhach." This cave is a double one. It has a rocky recess like a closet, opening from the side of it. In this rocky chamber they make a bed for their Royal guest; turf covered with heather, brush upwards. Charles said he slept on this bed more luxuriantly than ever he did on bed of down. In this primitive dwelling he remained four days. Having ascertained from his watchful attendants that a detachment of militia was

within four miles of him, he considered it prudent to remove to a greater distance; and on the evening of the 6th, he and his men set out for the north; travelled all night, and at dawn of the 7th, arrived at Strathglass. Here they met two of their number sent to watch the movements of the militia, and who brought the welcome tidings that no danger was to be apprehended; and that apparently there was not even a suspicion that the object of their search was in that neighbourhood. Reassured, the party halted, repaired a neighbouring hut, made a bed for the weary Prince on which he slept soundly, the men watching him by turns. On the morrow Charles despatched two of them to Poolewe, to ascertain if a French vessel had touched there—the whole party meantime moving slowly in the same direction by the most unfrequented routes. On the 10th, at noon, they arrived at Glencannich; where they remained for the rest of the day in a wood; and at night retired to a neighbouring hamlet. Early on the morning of the 11th they resumed their journey, ascended the hill of Beinn-a-chaorainn, whence other two of them were despatched in quest of provisions. Here they passed two days, anxiously waiting the arrival of the messengers sent to Poolewe; and whom, by-and-bye, they joyfully espied approaching them. The information they brought was that a French vessel had touched there; and after having landed two men, who had gone to Lochiel's country in quest of his Royal Highness, weighed anchor and sailed away. This information at once determined Charles to retrace his steps, and on the night of the 12th they began their journey southwards, and on the morning of the 14th arrived at Fasnacoill. Here they tarried till the 17th, to ascertain the state of the country, and whether the search for the Prince had in any measure abated. At Fasnacoill they were supplied with provisions by a man of the name of Chisholm, "who was out." Charles expressed a wish to see this man. Chisholm recognised him at once; and in honour of the interview, produced a bottle of wine, which, he said, "a priest had given him." Patrick Grant placed the bottle in the Prince's own hands, adding "I do not remember that your Royal Highness has drunk my health since you came among our hands," ("On thainig sibh am measg 'ar lamhan.") The Prince then put the bottle to his mouth and drank health to Patrick and all his friends. Chisholm took the same oath as the Glenmoriston men. Meantime their scouts arrived with the welcome intelligence that the party of soldiers, whose proximity to the Coiregho cave had alarmed them, had retired to Fort-Augustus. There was therefore a prospect of his being able in safety to cross the great Caledonian Valley, and join Lochiel, with whom he expected to find the despatches supposed to have been conveyed by the men who landed at Poolewe. Accordingly they departed from Fasnacoill on the morning of the 17th, by unfrequented routes, and arrived at the Braes of Glenmoriston on the afternoon of the same day. The day following the 18th, two of them were sent to Lochaber to arrange a meeting between the Prince and Cameron of Clunes. Another of the men was appointed to watch the movements of the Fort-Augustus garrison—a detachment of which had been sent to Glengarry. On the 19th he returned with the intelligence that they had retired, and that the route to Lochiel's country was open and safe. Accordingly the whole party—now ten in number—started for the south, and under cover

of a dense fog, crossed the valley of Glenmoriston and the minor valley of Glenluinne, and arrived in the evening in the Braes of Glengarry. The Garry was in full flood from bank to bank, in consequence of recent heavy rainfalls. Nevertheless, these hardy and resolute men ventured into the stream, breast high, keeping firm hold of their charge, who now and again lost his footing, and but for their skilful management and personal prowess, would have been carried down the stream. In this uncomfortable plight they ascended the hill on the opposite side, where they remained all night in concealment, and in their saturated raiment under torrents of rain. On the 20th they cautiously advanced six miles; and about ten at night came to the appointed place of rendezvous—a hill above Achnasaul, where they hoped to meet the men despatched to Lochiel's country. Here the party passed the most uncomfortable day they had since they took charge of the Prince. They had no shelter; the rain fell in torrents, and their clothes were never dry since they crossed the Garry. Besides, their distress was aggravated by anxiety for the men who, according to appointment, should have met them on arrival at the place of rendezvous. Their suspense was at length relieved by the arrival of their messengers, who reported that Clunes could not meet them that day as the Prince had expected, but would do so on the morning of the following day in a wood about two miles distant. Patrick Grant and Alexander Macdonell were sent to reconnoitre this wood; and finding it free of danger a pioneer party went towards the place appointed by Clunes. They had just one peck of meal for all of them, and not an idea how to replenish their empty commissariat. But their good luck did not even now fail them. Patrick Grant, who was the leading spirit and a good marksman, shot a fat hart, and by the time the Prince arrived, there was awaiting him one of the best meals he had since he joined the party.

Charles now found it necessary to place himself under the care of other friends. Therefore, with many expressions of gratitude for their faithfulness and loyal service, he parted with his Glenmoriston men, all except Patrick Grant, whom he retained till his purse was replenished, to enable him to show his sense of their services, by a substantial token of his gratitude. Accordingly he gave twenty-four guineas to Grant—a large sum in those days—to be distributed equally among his faithful friends.

These Glenmoriston men saved Charles from inevitable capture. At the time he incidentally fell in with them, his case was all but a desperate one. He had traversed those regions of the west of Scotland that offered any prospect of safety from his pursuers, but was tracked and badgered out of every one of them. And at the time Glenalladale introduced him to these men, hardly a ray of hope for him seemed to remain. To their fidelity, fortitude, and skill, together with their own attitude of necessary defence, Charles owed his safety. Subsequently, in company with the fugitive chiefs, Lochiel and Cluny, he passed most of his remaining time in Scotland, in the rocky recess of Benalda, called "the Cage:" after which, along with all his unfortunate officers whom he could collect, he embarked for France a disappointed man, almost at the very place at which, a little more than a year previously, he landed with such high hopes of possessing the throne of his ancestors. Nor were these hopes so

desperate or groundless as they have been represented. The Court of St Germain's was well informed of the state of feeling, both in England and Scotland; and it was owing to two men, more than to all others, Sir Robert Walpole, King George's minister; and President Forbes of Culloden, that the enterprise, humanly speaking, did not succeed. Both in England and in Scotland, at the period of Charles' landing, high hopes were held out to him; and but for the exertions of President Forbes, there is but little doubt the rising in Scotland would have been a formidable one. This again would have reacted upon the state of feeling in his favour in England. His advance south after the victory of Prestonpans, was in response to the desire of his partisans there; and but for the influence of Walpole, and his own small Highland following, there is every reason to believe that his chances were far from being chimerical. But the powerful influence of Forbes in Scotland; of Walpole in England; and the wretched tergiversation of the French Court, who played him off for its own purposes, sealed the fate of Charles. It was a crisis—a turning point in the history of our country; and it was fortunate for us that we had not another Stuart regency inflicted upon us. No doubt they were the legitimate sovereigns by descent. But they were faithless, ungrateful, and tyrannical, and we are far better off under the sceptre that is now swayed over us.

The writer's father was acquainted with some of the older survivors of the party who sheltered Prince Charles, and heard them often reciting anecdotes of his stay with them.

When he joined them his dress was wretched in the extreme. An old yellow wig and bonnet, and soiled cravat. His vest, which was of tartan, was threadbare; and his toes protruded through a pair of very ordinary Highland brogues. His shirt was of the colour of saffron; and as he slept in his clothes he suffered the usual annoying consequences. But he bore it all with the greatest patience. Morning and evening he retired for devotional exercises. Charles, who insisted upon knowing everything his men said, discovered they were addicted to swearing. This he strictly forbade. Some of them smoked, one of them snuffed, and a third chewed tobacco. The supplies of the smoker having failed, Charles suggested that he who chewed should share his chews with the smoker. During the absence of his men, he superintended all the departments of their simple cookery, and taught them many useful lessons in the culinary art. These little traits of Charles' character greatly endeared him to his followers. But with all their affection for him these men were most resolute and determined in opposing him, when they considered it necessary for his safety. When Charles, as they thought, resolved prematurely to leave their retreat, and insisted on being obeyed, they told him plainly, that such were their convictions of danger, that they would sooner bind him than carry out his wishes. He had, of course, to acquiesce, remarking, that he had the most absolute Privy Counsellors a Prince ever had. Notwithstanding, Charles appreciated the services of his Glenmoriston friends, and assured them when once settled in St James's, he would not forget their services. One of them remarked that his ancestor, Charles II., made similar promises, as a priest told him, and forgot them. Charles assured them on the word of a Prince he would act very differently.

The future of Charles Edward, on whom such devoted loyalty was lavished, is melancholy. The habit of intemperance which, in course of his wanderings, he had formed, he seems never to have got the better of. The French Court, which had used him ungratefully, abandoned him when it suited them, and forcibly banished him from Paris. His English and Scotch friends found it absolutely necessary for personal safety to abandon all correspondence with him; as, against all their remonstrances, his domestic establishment consisted of persons who were notoriously unfaithful to his cause. Charles died at Rome within the memory of some who have recently passed away, and in the year 1788, at the age of sixty-eight. His remains were interred in the Cathedral Church of Frescati, of which his brother, Cardinal York, was bishop. They were afterwards removed to St Peters; when a monument, by Canova, was reared to his memory, it is said, by the munificence of George IV. He left no legitimate issue, and his widow, who afterwards married the poet Alfieri, died in 1824.

KENMORE.

ALLAN SINCLAIR.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND GLENCOE.

A GOOD story is told of the Marquis of Lorne and two Glengarry Highlanders who called on him recently. Ever since the massacre at Glencoe, in which the Campbells did the bloody work of the Crown, the clan Campbell have been in bad odour with the clan Macdonald and other sects; indeed, it is a proverb that the Macdonalds and Campbells, "canna eat oot o' the same kail-pot." The Glengarry men, Macdonalds to the back-bone, were in Ottawa on business, and after much debate resolved to pay their respects to the Marquis of Lorne as the Governor-General, not as the son of the Cailean Mor. On their way to the Hall they talked the matter over again, and one of them suggested that perhaps the Marquis, being a Campbell, would refuse to receive a Macdonald, in which case their position would be humiliating. At the gate they met the Marquis with Major de Winton, and taking them for servants the Highlandman asked if the Marquis would care to meet "twa Macdonalds" to call on the Marquis. His Excellency replied that the Marquis bore no malice to the Macdonalds and that Sir John Macdonald being his first Minister it was clear the Macdonalds had forgiven the Campbells. "Forgiven the Campbells!" cried one of the visitors, "forgotten Glencoe! Sir John is paid for that, mon; he has eight thoosan' dollars a-year for it; but the diel take me 'gin we forgie or forget!" and with this the cholerie Gaels turned their faces toward Ottawa. The Marquis, however, disclosed himself, and after a hearty hand-shaking, the feud was temporarily healed. The visitors were turned over to the Argyleshire piper, who is a prominent member of the household, and by him treated so handsomely that on their departure they frankly acquitted the Marquis of all responsibility for the massacre.—*American Scotsman.*

THE CLANDONALD OF KEPPOCH.

BY DONALD C. MACPHERSON.

Chief—MAC-MHIC-RAONAILL.*Seat*—KEPPOCH, BRAELOCHABER.

I. The founder of the family of Keppoch—Clanndonail a' Bhràighe, was ALASTAIR CARRACH, third son of John, 1st Lord of the Isles, by his second wife, the Lady Margaret, daughter of Robert, High Steward of Scotland, who, in the year 1370, ascended the throne by the title of Robert II. On the 5th of September 1394, Thomas Dunbar, Earl of Murray, and Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Lochaber, bind themselves to support each other. In 1398, he seizes the Church lands of Kinmylies, and takes upon himself the partition of them. In the complaint which William, Bishop of Moray, lodged against him, he is styled "Magnificus vir et potens, Alexander de Insulis, Dominus de Louchabre." In 1402, he robbed the Canonry of Elgin and burned the town, for which he afterwards made amends. In 1431, he was forfeited for joining Donald Balloch. That he was well-known in Lochaber seems clear from the author of the "Comhachag"—

"Chunnaic mi Alastair Carrach,
An duin' a b' allail a bha 'n Albainn;
'S minig a bha mi ga 'éisdeachd
'S e aig reiteach nan tom-sealga."

"Alexander Carrach, the fyfte house of Clan Donald—neirest this descendit frae the house of Clan-Donald is Alexander Carrach, that is, Shawit Alexander sua that be the countrie's custome, because Highlandmen callit the fairest haired, and sua furthe, for this Alexander was the fairest hared man as they say of aney that ever was; and this said Alexander was brother to this Donald of the Isles foresaid, and to John Moir, fra quhome James Kyntyre descendit, and brother of the father syde to Raynald of quhome came the Clan Ranald.

"And this Carrach hes maney come of him, and good succession in Lochaber called ClanRonald McDonald Glasse vic Alexander, quilk bruikes a pairt of Lochaber sinsyne."

Alastair Carrach was succeeded by his son—

II. AONGHUS NA FEAIRTE. This chief is styled "Angus de Insulis," in a charter of confirmation granted to "Alano Donaldi capitanei de Clan-Cameron et heredibus inter ipsum Alanum et Mariotam Angusii de Insulis." The author of the "Comhachag" says that Angus was not inferior to Alastair his father, that his seat was at Ferset, and that he had a mill erected on an adjoining stream—Allt-Laire—as if to indicate that he had turned his attention to improvements—

"Chunnaic mi Aonghus na 'dheaghaidh,
'S cha b'e sin roghainn 'bu tàire;
'S ann 's an Fheairt a bha 'thuinidh,
'S rinn e muillionn air Allt-Làire."

He had two sons and a daughter—

1. *Donald*, who succeeded him.
2. *Alexander*, father of Donall Glas, V.
3. *Mariot*, married to Allan MacDhonaill Duibh, who figured at Inverlochry, 1431. Their son, Ewen Mac Ailein Mhic Dhonaill Duibh, was captain of ClanChameron, in 1495.

III. DONALL MAC AONGHAIS was one of the chiefs who made their submission to James IV. at Castle Mingary, Ardnamurchan, on the 18th of May 1495. In 1496 or 1497, he was killed in a battle about the head of Glenurchy. The Maclarens of Balquhiddy had made a foray into Braelochaber: but the Braerians turning out in force to revenge the injury, they—the Maclarens—sent to their kinsman and ally, Dugald Stewart, first of Appin, to come to their assistance, which he hastened to do. The two chiefs, Donald and Dugald Stewart, fell by each other's swords. Donald was succeeded by his son—

IV. IAIN ALAINN. This chief was deposed by the Clan. Donall Ruadh Beag Mac-Gille-Mhanntaich, a Braerian, frequented the hills of Badenoch, and in various ways annoyed the Catanaich. Mackintosh, as Steward of Lochaber, ordered Iain Alainn to deliver him up, which he did. The Catanaich, accordingly, had Donall Ruadh Beag hanged from a tree near Clach-na-dholta, Torgulben, a townland at the end of Loch Laggan, in the march between Lochaber and Badenoch.

A difficulty now arose as to a successor. Donall Glas Mac Alastair Mhic Aonghuis, the deposed chief's cousin-german, was the heir-male presumptive, and was supported in his claim by Sliochd Alastair Charraich. But the kinsmen of Donall Ruadh Beag—a numerous tribe who claimed their descent from Donnail who occupied Ferset before Alastair Carrach, and whose descendants, Clann-Mhic-Gille-Mhanntaich, are still in the Braes, sent to Uist for Goiridh, a descendant of Godfrey, 1st Lord of Uist, second son of Iain nan Eilein, by his first wife, Amie Nic Ruairidh. Donald Glas however was chosen. Goiridh settled at Tir-na-drìs. His descendants, not yet extinct, are called "Sliochd Ghoiridh." Iain Alainn, the deposed chief, removed to "An Urchair," an out-of-the-way place, which his descendants, "Sliochd Dhonaill," so called from Donall his father, continued to occupy till the end of last century, when they settled in various parts of the Braes. Of this tribe, styled also "Sliochd a' bhràthar 'bu shine," was the celebrated Iain Lom, whose father was Donall Mac Iain Mhic Dhonaill Mhic Iain Alainn.

V. DONALL GLAS was well advanced in years before he succeeded. He married a daughter of Lochiel, and resided at Coille-Diamhainn, on Torran-nan-Ceap, within a mile of the present Keppoch House. He was succeeded by his son—

VI. RAONULL MOR, who married a daughter of Mackintosh. Miss Mackintosh brought with her one of her kin. He was the progenitor of Tòisich a' Bhraighie, who are of the family of Kyllachie. Of this chief the author of the "Comhachag" says—

"Raonall Mac Dhonaill Ghlais,
Fear a fhuair foghlum gu deas;
Deagh Mhac-Dhonaill a' chuill chais,
Cha bheo fear a dh'èirich leis."

Raonull Mor had—

1. *Alastair Bhoth-Fhloinn*.

2. *Raonull*.

3. *Iain Dubh* (Gille-gun-iarraidh), progenitor of Tigh-Bhoth-Fhionntain.

For assisting Iain Muideartach in 1544, at Blar-Léine, and for supporting the Earl of Lennox, he was, with Lochiel, beheaded at Elgin in the year 1547. It was about this time "*Slol Dùghaill*" settled in the Braes of Lochaber.

VII. ALASTAIR BHOOTH-FHLOINN died without issue. It is doubtful whether he survived his father. In 1552, Alexander McRanald of Capoch witnesses an agreement between Huntly and Donald McSoirley of Glennevis; but the presumption is that this Alexander was Alastair nan cleas, his nephew. Tradition says, that while hunting in the woods of Lag-Leamhan, Achadh-a'-mhadaidh, he was accidentally wounded between the toes by an arrow; that the wound festered; and that he was sent to a medical man at Kingussie, where he was poisoned. This would be before his father's death, as he was unable to lead the Braerians against the Camerons at the feud of Bolyne. His father was confined to bed at the time, and Iain Dubh had to take his place. This is partly borne out by the author of the "*Comhachag*," with whom he seems to have been a great favourite.—

"'An Cinn-a'-ghiùbhsaich na 'laidhe,
Tha nàmhaid na greighe deirge;
Lamh dheas a mharbhadh a' bhradain,
Bu mhath e 'n sabaid na feirge."

The following stanzas, from an old song, commemorate the feud of Bolyne:—

"Hó o hó, na hà o hé,
'An d'fhidir, an d'fhairich, ro 'n cuala sibh;
Ho o ho, na ha o he,
Mu'n luid nach toir cuideachda gluasad air?

"Bha gnothach beag eile mu dheighinn Bholoinne,
'S gu'n innis mi soilleir 's an uair so e:
Bha creach Mhic-an-Tòisich aig muinntir Shrath-Lòchaidh,
'S na gaisgich Clanndonaill thug bhuapa i.

"'S math is aithne dhomh 'n t-aite, 's na choinnich na h-àrmainn,
Fìr ùra a' Bhraghad 's an uair sin iad;
Bha iubhair Loch-Treig aig na fiùrain nach geilleadh,
'S bu shuntach na'n deigh fìr Ghlinn-Ruaidh leatha.

"Tha comhdach air fhathast, far am beil iad na'n laidhe,
Gu'n d'fhuirich Clach-Ailein gun ghluasad as;
Gu'n robh iad na'n sleibhtrich aig ianlaith an t-sléibhe,
'S na chaidh dhachaidh le sgéul diubh bu shuarach e.

"Ceann-feadhna air maithibh, Iain Mor Shliochd-an-tighe,
'S ioma ceann bharr na h-amhaich a dh'fhuadaich e;

Ma's fhiar mo luchd-sgeoil-sa, chuir e thairis air Lòchaidh,
Am beagan 'bha beo dhiubh, 's an ruaig orra !"

VIII. RAONALL, second son of Raonall Mac Dhonaill Ghlais, married a daughter of Duncan Stewart, who would have been 4th of Appin, but by a stroke of "Tuagh bhèarnach Mhic-Artair," a Braerian, he predeceased his father. This chief built a house on "Tom-mor," near the site of the present Keppoch House. In 1564, Rannald McRannald McConillglas assisted Glenurchy against the Clangregor, when that chief invaded Rannoch. In the same year, on the 26th November, in the Records of the Privy Council we find, "Obligation by Rannald McRannald McConillglasche of Keppach to hold good rule, etc. Colin Campbell of Glenurchy, cautioner." In 1569, in the same records, we find—"I, Lachlane McYntosche of Dunnaughtane, be the tennour heirop bindis and obleisses me and my airis, that I sall mak securitie to Rannald McRannald of Keppach of sic landis and rowmes as he has of me." This was done before the Regent at Inverness. On the 12th of June 1572, at the Isle of Moy, Ronaldus filius Ronaldi Makdonald Glaisch a Gargochia gives his bond of service to Mackintosh. Among the witnesses to this document is Niall Mac Dhonaill Mhic Neill, Ranald's Gille. In 1577-8, he is one of the chiefs charged to defend Donald MacAngus of Glengarry against Argyle. This chief repaired Tigh-nan-fleadh in the Eidirloch at the north end of Loch-Tréig—a tigh-chrann or "crannog" which has escaped the notice of our antiquaries. He was thus contemporary with the author of the "Comhachag." Along with Miss Stewart came the first of the Dubhshuilich, murdered by Turner, p. 143, into Duileach, a sept of the Stewarts, so named from their dark, heavy eyebrows. They were ever after the "Fir-bhrataich," as were the Campbells the Leine-chrios. Their descendants are still in Lochaber. Ronald had—

1. *Alastair-nan-cleas.*

2. *Raonall Innse.*

IX. ALASTAIR-NAN-CLEAS is said to have studied abroad, where he acquired a knowledge of the "Black Art"—hence his name. In the public records he is best known as "Alexander McRanald off Garawgache," from the name of a place—a' Gharbh-dhabhach—on the confines of Glennevis. He married a daughter of Macdougall of Dunolly, by whom he had—

1. *Raonall Og.*

2. *Donall Glas.*

3. *Alastair Buidhe.*

4. *Donull Gorm Ionar-Ruaidh*, of whom "Tigh Mhurlagain."

5. *Donald of Insh?*

6. A daughter, married to Robertson of Struan.

7. A daughter, married to John Stewart, 1st of Ardsheal.

In 1588, on the 25th of February, Alexander Makranald a Garrochia gives his bond of service to Mackintosh. In 1591, instigated by Huntly he made a foray into Strathspey, seized the Castle of Inverness, which he was obliged to evacuate in a short time. On hearing of the approach of Mackintosh, he and his followers made for "Canonach" (Chanonrie of Fortrose) in two open boats. Ranald of Insh was taken and sent to the

Castle of Inverness, but managed his escape. Dughall na Sgàirde was immediately hanged from one of the oars, and on the following day Goirdh Dubh and his son were hanged; Mackintosh entered Lochaber and carried off the creach of the Braes. In 1593, with Lochiel, Alexander backs an assurance given by Huntly to Kilravock. In the same year Raonull Innse at the affair of "Petty," deserts William Mackintosh. Alexander was at the battle of Allt-Chuailleachain, 1594. In 1595 he gave his bond of service to Argyle, delivering one of his sons as a hostage. Three years after he assists the Dunbars. He is mentioned in the act ordaining a levy of Highlanders to assist the Queen of England in her wars in Ireland, 1602. In the same year his name occurs in the Act of Privy Council anent Wapponshawings in the Highlands. With Allan Cameron of Lochiel he assisted Argyle in suppressing an insurrection of the Clangregor. At Tirndris, ten miles east of Fort-William, may be seen below the coach road to Kingussie, a small enclosure planted with a tuft of Scotch firs. It is called Cladh Chlanna-Ghriogair. Several of that brave clan took refuge at a place hard by, called Eas Chlanna-Ghriogair. They were taken, probably about this time (1610), and despatched by a party of the Braerians. The following verse records the sad occurrence:—

"Nach cuala sibh mar thachair e,
Do Ghriogair Odhar, ard;
Gu'n d' rug Mac-a'-Ghlasraich air
Aig bial na glaic ud thall;
Bha fear de Chlanna-Chamrain ann,
'S a dhealg na 'bhroit gu teann;
'S fear mor de'n chinneadh dhroch-bheairteach,
'S b'e 'm brosgal dha dol ann."

In 1615 he, with Raonall Og his son, and the eldest son of Mac-Mhic-Ailein, assisted Sir James Macdonald in his escape from Edinburgh Castle, accompanying him through the Isles into Ireland. When Sir James went to Spain, Alastair-nan-cleas and his son returned to Lochaber. In 1616, commission was given to Lord Gordon for the seizure of McRanald and his son. MacVuirich gives this chief's pedigree as follows:—"Aaois antighearna 1616 an treas la do samhradh Alas duir Mac Raghnaill Mhic Raghnaill Mhic Dhonaill Ghlais Mhic Aonghuis Mhic Alasdair Charraich Mhic Eoin Mhic Aonghuis Oig, i.e., tighearna Lochabar." In 1617-18, Alexander and his son, Donald [Ronald], made their escape to Spain. In 1620, Alexander is recalled from Spain, and receives a pension of 200 merks sterling.

Raonall Innse was cruelly murdered by his nephew, Raonull Og, at Glac-an-Domhnaich, Achaderry. When taken, he was accompanied by Iain Odhar, a hero of the Campbell tribe, who refused to interfere. He was of the Glenurchy family, and though a tenant under Keppoch, he paid his yearly *Calp* to Glenurchy. With him ceased this custom among the Campbells of the Braes.

"Rug iad ort aig ceann Loch-carba,
B'e Iain Odhar do thargaid,
'S bu mhath na'm biodh e dearbhte."

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X. RAONULL OG, am fear 's an deach an daol-chridhe, married an Irish lady, "a' Bhaintighearna Bheag," who brought with her a Tochar of Irishmen, to whom the townland of Ionar-Odhair was allotted. Here their descendants continued to reside, as a colony, till the end of last century, when they emigrated to America. Of this Tochar are the Boyles and the Burkes, still in the Braes. Na Búrcaich have now changed their name into Macdonald. The Baintighearna Bheag somehow mysteriously disappeared; but she is still seen, by favourites, of a winter evening in the woods of Coille-Diamhain. Raonull Og having been almost always an outlaw may be said not to have succeeded his father at all. He hid himself for a long time in Uamha-an-Aghastair, in the hills of Lochtreig; but managed to escape to Spain:—

"Bha mi la air lorg taghain,
'S thug i mi gu crò;
Aite nach bu mhiste leam—
Cidsin Raonnill òig.
Bha tuagh, 'us tal, 'us tora ann,
'Us coire 'bhruicheadh feoil;
'S gu'n robh de bhoicinn ghobhar ann
Na dh'fhoghnadh dhomh ri m' bheo."

The manner and place of his death are uncertain. He was succeeded by his son—

XI. AONGHUS ODHAR. In 1639 the Campbells laid waste the Braes of Lochaber; to revenge the injury some 120 of the Braerians made a foray into the lands of the Campbells. On their way homewards this Chief fell in a skirmish with the Campbells at Stronchlachain, in the year 1640. Iain Lom (Turner, p. 98) laments the loss of this chief. Angus composed a number of songs, one of which may be seen in *Leabhar Raonaill Duibh*, 1776, p. 266. He left a young family, but his son, Angus Og, did not succeed him. He was the progenitor of Achnancoichean, and died at an advanced age. His grand-daughter, Ni Mhic Aonghuis Oig, was the authoress of "An ulaidh phriseil 'bha bhuainne" (Turner p. 128).

Aonghus Odhar was succeeded by his uncle—

XII. ALASTAIR BUIDHE, in the absence of Donall Glas, his elder brother, who is properly XII. Donall Glas married a daughter of Forrester of Kilbagie, Clackmannan, by whom he had—

1. *Alastair*.

2. *Raonall*.

3. A daughter, died unmarried. She composed "*Cumha Ni Mhic Raonaill*."

Donald Glas figured at Inverlochy, for which he was forfeited. To return to Alastair Buidhe; in 1647 a letter of Lawburrows is issued against him by Chisholm of Comar. In 1650, as Tutor of Keppoch, he is ordered to command those bearing his name, or who are his friends. He married, first, a daughter of Angus Mór of Bohuntin, and when not acting Tutor of Keppoch, he resided first at Glac-a'-bhriogais; secondly at Tom-an-tighe-mhoir, Bohuntin. By his first wife, who was drowned on Bun-Ruaidh, he had—

1. *Ailein Dearg*.

2. *Gilleasba-na-Ceapaich.*

By his second wife he had no issue. He was succeeded by his nephew—

XIII. ALASTAIR MAC DHONAILL GHLAIS, who, with his brother Raonall, was murdered at Keppoch. See Iain Lom's "*Murt na Ceapaich.*" This Alastair was succeeded by his uncle—

XIV. ALASTAIR BUIDHE, of whom, *supra*. XII. Alastair Buidhe, who was dead before 1665, was succeeded, though only for a few months, by his son—

XV. AILEIN DEARG, murdered at Tulloch before 1666. He left no issue, and was succeeded by his brother—

XVI. GILLEASBA NA CEAPACH, who married a daughter of Letterfinlay, by whom he had—

1. *Colla na Ceapaich.*

2. *Raonall Mor Thir-na-drìs.*

3. *Mor.*

4. *Seonaid.*

5. *Catriona*, grandmother of Lachlan Macpherson of Strathmashie.

6. *Sile na Ceapaich*, the poetess, who married the Laird of Beldorney, Banffshire.

Gilleasba was educated at Forres. He had the reputation of being a shrewd man. In 1667 some of the Braerians made a foray into Glenesk, but seemingly without his permission. In September 1675 he joined Glengarry and Lochiel when they went to Mull to assist the Macleans against Argyll. The following verses, composed by (?) "the witch-wife who had promised the McLains that, so long as she lived, the Earl of Argyll should not enter Mull," refers to that occasion—

"Hi haori ri iù,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Chunnacas long seach an caolas,
Hi haori iù,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Ceart aogasg Mhic-Cailein,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Ach gu'n till an Rìgh mór e,
Hi haori ri iù,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Ma tha Dubhart air 'aire,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Guidhim tonn thair a tobhta,
Hi haori ri iù,
Hiri am boho hug éile,
Chall oho hi iù.

"Dh'fhiach an tog i dheth 'marachd,
Chall oho hi iù."

He was one of the chiefs who had to present themselves at Inverlochy in November 1678. In 1679, in conjunction with Argyll, he calls for Calder. He composed many songs, a few of which are still extant. He died in the year 1682, and was succeeded by his son—

XVII. COLLA NA CEAPAICH. He was only eighteen years of age when, at his father's death, he was taken home from St Andrew's University. In 1685-6 he joined the Duke of Gordon, the Marquis of Athole, and Lord Strathnaver, when they invaded Argyll. He fought Mulroy in 1688; took the Castle of Ruthven, besieged the Castle of Inverness, and plundered the town, for which he was ordered to restore 4000 merks to the burgh; was at Killiecrankie; and again at Sheriffmuir, where he routed the English cavalry. He was living in 1723. He married Barbara, daughter of Sir Donald Macdonald of Sleat, by whom he had—

1. *Alastair*, who succeeded him.

2. *Donall*.

3. *Mairghread*.

XVIII. ALASTAIR studied at the University of Glasgow. He is entered thus: Alexander M'Donald filius natu maximus Domini de Keapach, 1713. He and his brother Donald fell at Culloden. He married a daughter of Robert Stewart of Appin, "Nic Iain Stiubhart," by his second wife, a daughter of Robert Campbell of Lochnell. Besides a Gille-gun-iarraidh, Aonghus Bàn, he had by Miss Stewart—

1. *Raonull Og*.

2. *Alastair*, "Am Maidseir Mór,"

He had several daughters, of whom

1. Married John Macdonald of Killichonate.

2. Married Alexander Macdonald of Tullochchrom.

3. Married Alexander's son.

4. *Clementina*, married Macnab of Innish-Eobhainn.

5. *Barbara*, who married, on the 28th December 1757, Patrick Macdonald, minister of Kilmore, who edited a collection of Highland vocal airs collected by his brother, Joseph Macdonald, 1781. "She was a Roman Catholic, and attended neither public nor family worship with the family." She died in 1804.

XIX. RAONULL OG was with his brother, Alastair, through the American War. He was dead before 1798, and is buried on the top of Tom-Aingeal, in Cille-Chaorraill. He married Miss Cargill of Jamaica, by whom he had several children, of whom—

1. *Alastair*, died in the army without issue.

2. *Richard*, died without issue.

XX. ALASTAIR AM MAIDSEIR MOR, married a daughter of Donald Macdonell, who was executed in 1746, at Carlisle. He emigrated to America, where his descendants are still flourishing.

A PHILOLOGICAL RAMBLE THROUGH A HIGHLAND GLEN.

In these days of rapid travelling, when a trip to what our forefathers called "foreign parts," is reckoned but the work of a busy man's brief holiday, travellers' tales are plentiful enough; but I am inclined to think that, from the facilities afforded by the railway for speedy transit, the narratives of the travels of modern tourists lack much of the minute and careful record of observation that was wont to characterise the journals of "the old school" of pedestrian sight-seekers. From the force of circumstances, therefore, the idea conveyed to the mind of the modern traveller of the country through which he passes must be indistinct, hazy, vague. A general impression of the outlines of the country, relieved, it may be, by, here and there, a more clearly defined memory of some striking feature in the landscape, is all that he can retain, and therefore (unless indeed he draw on his imagination) all that he can set down in writing for the instruction of his readers. That such a method of gathering information is utterly unsatisfactory to one who really wishes to *know* a country will be readily admitted, for we are all aware that, behind the first and general impression conveyed to the mind, there ever lies the most valuable and, as a rule, the most interesting matter to be gathered from the close discriminating study of details. I have frequently been amused by the hastily gathered and rashly printed impressions of travellers of the kind in question. As a rule their confidence is only equalled by their ignorance. Cursory observation, I may add, is only valuable where close and careful scrutiny is impossible. In countries that are unexplored, like the interior of Africa for example, the former method (the cursory and desultory) is of great value, but only because, as yet, the latter way is not practicable. By and bye the results of the explorations of a Livingstone and a Stanley will cease to be of value except from a historical and antiquarian point of view, not so much because of the changes that will take place in the condition of the country, as because of the necessarily superficial views of the portions traversed that those travellers are restricted to giving. Of course in these cases the fault lies with the obstacles presented to the explorers by their position as the pioneers of civilization, and not, as in the case of ordinary travellers through well-known countries, from the great facility of rapid progress. The result is the same, however, in both cases—another example of the adage that "extremes meet."

Not the least useful, though certainly not the most honoured, traveller is he who carefully notes every fact in connection with his journey, even those that might seem trivial and valueless to the ordinary wayfarer. By such men have been gathered the treasures of folk-lore (the value of which is only beginning to be understood), and the tales and legends which, while they may be regarded as in themselves somewhat puerile, and only worth treasuring for the sake of the amusement they afford, are yet of great value in throwing light on the turn of mind, the modes of life, and even the religious beliefs of the people among whom they were originated—or if not originated—at least retained.

I am convinced that there is much work of this kind for minds of the type that I have indicated yet remaining to be done in our own country, and that invaluable treasures of much and abiding interest are daily slipping away from our grasp, purely from lack of what I call the *observative* faculty in the inhabitants of our glens. In some cases, I am aware, good work has been done in the direction of rescuing from oblivion such precious waifs, notably by Mr Campbell of Islay, but much remains yet undone that might easily be done if men could be found ready and willing to do it. I myself have listened to tales of adventure and of foray by a Highland cottage fireside that would have furnished material for several Waverleys, and of ghost, witch, and fairy legends, enough to fill a large volume, and quite as wonderful as those of the famous "Thousand-and-One Nights."

My purpose in this paper is as much to call attention to this field for gleaners as to offer a very small contribution of the results of a hurried glance over one part of it. I do not pretend to do more than point out what might be done in this direction. Unfortunately, I have little opportunity to follow up my inclination to make further researches in what is a very instructive and at the same time pleasing study.

Shakspeare asks "What is in a name?" asserting, implicitly at least, that there is nothing in it. Most of us will differ with him there. In the names of places, I submit, there is a great deal. Who of us but will own that in many instances we find the clearest and best defined of the existent traces of history in the nomenclature of localities. The most permanent traces of the Roman occupation of England are found not in the camps that are scattered at intervals over the country, nor in the crumbling remains of the walls of Antonine and Hadrian, but in such names as Chester, Rochester, Lancaster, &c. These names are historical fossils that have long survived the glory of the age of which they are the deposit. Here and there over England ineradicable marks of its frequent invasions are to be discovered. "The Den," at Tynemouth, in South Devon, recalls the first inroad of the Norse Vikings on England's shore, and the Danelagh, the name that designated the only part of it in which they obtained anything like a permanent footing, is not yet forgotten. We might multiply examples, but enough has been said to prove, if proof were necessary, that "there is history in a name."

In the following attempt to trace the meaning of the names of the small and comparatively insignificant localities* of a Highland glen, nothing of general interest is to be expected. My remarks are, of necessity, only the "breaking of the ground," in an untried and not historically-interesting sphere. Yet, as the accidental discovery of a few grains of gold-dust has sometimes led the way to the disclosure and opening up of a rich mine, I am not without the hope that others may be induced to dig where there is more promise of something to repay labour.

The glen which is the scene of my ramble is not without natural attractions (as what Highland glen is?), but these are apart from my present purpose, and I pass them over. I begin at the head of it, that is to say, at the head of the inhabited part of it, for there is a long stretch of it away in the direction of Ben Muic Dhui, to which I care not to carry my readers meantime. I begin at

INNIS-RUAIRADH.—The root of the name is obvious—"Rory's Isle," or more correctly (in this instance) "Rory's pasture or grazing-place." I gather, with some considerable difficulty, from "the oldest inhabitant," whose memory is a perfect treasure-house of legends of the past, that this name was given to the splendid "haugh" that stretches for two or three miles along the side of the river, from the fact that it was the favourite resting-place of the droves of a certain "Ruairidh," a cattle dealer (and possibly also cattle-stealer) of the Rob Roy type, who did a large business in kyloes with the Lowlands, and periodically took this route from the hills to the markets of the south. On one unlucky occasion he was slain on this haugh. Tradition does not say whether his death resulted from treachery or occurred in open battle. He has, however, a *monumentum aere perennius* in Inchrory. Many a far better man has a less lasting memorial; for those were "rieving" days, days of "rugging and riving," and I confess to entertaining a shrewd suspicion that Wordsworth's "simple plan" formed "Ruairidh's" moral code. He fell, I am afraid, in repelling the attack of some of the former owners of his "bestial" bent on its recovery. Be that as it may, he is not forgotten nor likely soon to be.

On this same haugh of Rory's I found a memento much more interesting, if (possibly) less authentic. What think you? The grave of Fingal's wife! A mound bearing that designation is actually pointed out, and easily distinguishable among the long grass of *Bog-luachrach*.* The legend tells that in the futile attempt to take the Linn of Aven "in her stride," she slipped, fell in, was drowned, and carried by the flooded stream to the place where her grave now is. From the incident the river, formerly known as "Uisge-geal," took its present name "Ath-Fhinn," or "Fingal's Ford." If the mound be really the grave of Fingal's spouse, we shall have no difficulty in believing that "there were giantesses (and, *a fortiori*, giants) in those days," judging alike from the feat she attempted and the length of her resting-place. I shall not soon forget the look of horror with which I was regarded by the old man who pointed out the spot, when I proposed to seek for some practical verification of the legend by digging in the mound. His expression of face said as plainly as possible, "sacrilege!" and I am not to this day quite sure that he did not regard the departed spouse of Ossian's hero as an ancient and eminent saint. A more pronounced contrast to Edie Ochiltree and a more devoted admirer of *sacrosancta antiquitas* could not be conceived than was my worthy guide. We next come upon

DALEISTIE, as it is now spelt. Originally it was "Daleisdeachd," or the haugh of audience, or possibly "Dal-eisdibh." The legend connected with it is curious. It is said to have been once on a time the abode of a *sagart*, who, in default of a place of worship capable of housing his congregation, or because (which is as likely) he was a missionary sent to evangelize the dwellers in the remote glen, was compelled to address those who came to hear him in the open air—to hold "a conventicle" in short.^o Whether his hearers were Pagans, and therefore took dire offence at his doctrines, or lax-living Christians who relished not the stricter rule of

* Reedy or rushy marsh.

life enjoined by their teacher, is left to conjecture. This much only can be ascertained, that they burnt him, securing him, in the absence of the orthodox stake, to a large boulder, which still stands at the lower end of the haugh (or did so until recently), and is known by the name *Clach-an-t-shagairt*. Whether the fire was slow, or the executioners got sickened of their task, it appears that only the lower half of his body was consumed, and the rest of it was conveyed for Christian interment to the burial ground attached to the chapel of Kirkmichael, twelve miles down the glen. There a stone cut into the rude effigy of the upper half of a man is still pointed out as indicating the place of his interment. My cicerone (the same old man, and a sound Protestant) held firmly by the opinion that this priest was an emissary from the monastery of Glenlivat, who had come over with the design of perverting the dwellers in Glenavon from the Reformed faith. For various reasons I could not accept this theory, but did not venture to express my divergence of opinion for fear of causing my friend to become sulky (as he was apt to do), and, as an inevitable consequence, silent.

There are various localities occurring on the one side or the other of the Avon as we descend that have some degree of interest attaching to their nomenclature, but for the present I pass them over and reach

DELAHORAR—Dala-Mhorar (*Imor-fhear*) "The lord's haugh," takes its name from having been, it is said, on two occasions the temporary camping ground of the noted Marquis of Montrose during his campaigns on behalf of the unfortunate Stuarts. I have been unable (from want of means of reliable reference) to fix the exact dates on which he rested on this fine haugh. It is said that within a few years the pile of cinders left from his armourer's furnace was to be seen near the farmhouse that stands at the upper end of the haugh, but this I am disposed to doubt, or at least to take *cum grano salis*. However little one may be inclined to sympathise with the political views of Montrose or to approve of his behaviour as a citizen, it is impossible to withhold from him the merit of being alike a dashing soldier and a most skilful general. But the fates were against him.

I might enter into descriptions of many more localities, whose situation or associations have given them their names, but I am reluctant to trespass on the patience of the reader. There is the burn of Fergie which most fitly derives its name from *fearg* (anger) as it is the most tumultuous and brawling stream that I know. There is also *Alt-fhrìdh-mhath* or *Alt-rìgh-mhath*, the root of which is doubtful, though I incline to the former spelling from the productiveness of the long valley through which it runs. But I fancy I have done enough in the way of "breaking ground." It may be that in a future paper I shall take up the other places whose names have a philological interest in this remote Highland glen. It seems to me to be a cause of great regret that fugitive legends of every sort that are floating in the memories of many of the inhabitants of our glens, and which, though having for the nonce "a local habitation and a name," are not being gathered up by those who have the opportunity of doing so, and therefore inevitably melt "into the infinite azure of the past," are not in some permanent way preserved for the perusal and instruction of coming generations. The grand old motto of "Highlanders

shoulder to shoulder!" might surely be most serviceably brought to bear in such a cause, and the result be a volume of universal interest—such as was Sir John Sinclair's Statistical Account of Scotland, and for a similar reason. Might not the members of the *Comunn Gaidhealach* contribute, each his quota, for the formation of a volume of this kind. If they did I would venture to predict for such a book (with a competent and discriminating editor) an immediate preciousness (pecuniarily) and a future pricelessness.

A. MACGREGOR ROSE.

THE HIGHLAND SPORTSMAN'S SONG—1879.

Give us of Sport and what reck we
 If valiant men decay,
 The land is ours and we are free
 To lord it as we may.
 We want no happy homesteads here,
 We want no cultured fields,
 'Tis ours alone to track the deer,
 And feel the joy it yields.
 Away with the men from every glen,
 The game we must pursue,
 No sentiment can sway us when
 We pay for what we do.

Tho' 'neath the heather-blooming soil,
 There may be mines of wealth;
 The land, unmarked with human toil,
 We keep for sport and health.
 If smoky fumes, or furnace glare,
 Or Titan hammer-din,
 Impermeate the Highland air,
 'Twould be! 'twould be a sin—
 Away with the men from every glen, &c.

Where Science sets its golden foot,
 There Labor reigns secure,
 And we must bear its smut and soot,
 Yea, keep the toiling poor.
 We want no grimy Labor's sons,
 In glens or valleys here;
 They're ours! and while we love our guns,
 We'll keep them but for deer.
 Away with the men from every glen, &c.

We heed no tales of clansmen brave,
 Or of the times gone by,
 The Highland race we cannot save
 If they are doomed to die.
 Then why should we inducements give
 For men to flourish here?
 'Tis only for ourselves we live!
 So let them disappear.
 Away with the men from every glen, &c.

SUNDERLAND.

WM. ALLAN.

THE History of the Family of Gairloch, and an article on "The Early Possessors and Writs of Culloden," by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., have been unavoidably left over.

Correspondence.

THE SCOTTISH BIBLE SOCIETY'S 8vo. EDITION OF THE
GAELIC SCRIPTURES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Edinburgh, 8th July 1879.

DEAR SIR,—I observe in a paper in your last issue by my neighbour, the Rev. Dr Masson, some reference to the 8vo. edition of the Gaelic Bible, published in 1860 by the National Bible Society, and edited by Dr Clerk, of Kilmallie and myself. The statements in that reference should have been made with more regard to accuracy. I am not going to say a word about Dr Masson's criticisms of the Gaelic nor of his Miltonic account of the Gaelic Scriptures' Committee, of which he was a member, and must have contributed to the sulphur and the fat. But there are statements made by him which cannot be allowed to pass as true.

He says "three thousand copies of it were printed, but except among the Highlanders of Canada and the out-lying Hebrides, a copy of it is now rarely met with." He says further, "It is right to add that these misprints were carefully corrected in the Scottish Bible Society's edition of 1868."

Now, Sir, I have made enquiry at the office of the National Bible Society, and find that the first 1860 edition is long out of print, but that altogether 14,000 copies of it have been printed, and that there is an edition of 3000 just gone to press now.

With regard to the second statement I never heard of an edition by the Scottish Bible Society in 1868, but I know that Dr Clerk and I corrected the misprints in the 1860 edition, and that the edition of 1868 appeared with these corrections, of which very few were required.

Dr Masson further says that "it will be satisfactory to learn that the Scottish Bible Society has at press a reprint of the 1826 Bible, in which it is proposed to change nothing but the exceedingly few misprints which escaped the careful eye of Dr Macdonald."

I can learn nothing of any such edition, but I know of an edition by the National Bible Society with *references* for the first time in Gaelic, on which Dr Clerk and I, aided by an excellent Gaelic scholar, have been engaged for two years, and which we expect soon to be out. It looks as if Dr Masson had mistaken the one Society for the other. If so, this part of his paper is a tissue of blunders. I have a very strong repugnance to controversy about Gaelic, having found it very unprofitable, but I feel it necessary to make some reference to these statements of fact.—Yours faithfully,

THOS. MACLAUCHLAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Dr Masson, in his last article on the Gaelic Scriptures, has fallen into a mistake in regard to "the Scottish Bible Society's edition of 1868," in which he thinks the misprints of the edition of 1860 were "carefully

corrected." What the Society did in 1868 was to issue, not a new edition of the Gaelic Scriptures, but a new impression of the stereotyped edition of 1860, with the date of 1868 on the title-page. The offensive edition of 1860 is, therefore, still in circulation, and the misstatement to which Dr Masson has referred as to its having been "authorised by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland," is still imprinted on its title-page.

Previous to 1868 I furnished my friend, Dr Clerk, with a list of typographical errors, including that in Job 24, 14, which I had detected in the edition of 1860. When the impression of 1868 appeared I discovered that there had been attempts, by making alterations in the plates, to correct some of those errors. Some of the attempts succeeded, but some of them are failures, and, in some instances, the alterations are worse than the previous errors. As examples, I may refer to John xix., 29, where the attempt to correct a typographical error in the edition of 1860 has produced two errors in the impression of 1868, and to Jeremiah xxv., 1, where, in the impression of 1868, a large blank space, completely destroying the sense, is the result of an attempt to correct an error in the edition of 1860. I have also noted, in the impression of 1868, errors which did not exist in the first impression, but which must have been introduced by subsequent alterations in the plates. The last impression, therefore, of the edition of 1860 can hardly be regarded as an improvement upon the first impression, by which were introduced into the Gaelic Scriptures innumerable errors and anomalies which are not to be found in any previous edition.

It is very much to be regretted that, notwithstanding representations made to the Directors of the Society and their Secretary, the Rev. Dr Goold, by competent parties, such as the late Drs Mackintosh Mackay, of Harris; Smith, of Inveraray; and Macdonald, of Comrie, they not only have persisted in circulating the edition of 1860 with its errors, but are, at the present time, preparing for publication an edition of the Gaelic Scriptures with references, which is being revised by Drs Maclauchlan and Clerk after the fashion of their revision of 1860. This new move on the part of the Directors of the Society will necessitate, for the sake of our Highland people, and in the interest of sound Gaelic scholarship, the reviving of a controversy which, until a few weeks ago, I had hoped had been for ever dead and buried. Whatever excuse there might have been for the blunder of 1860, there can be no excuse for a repetition of it in 1879.

I purpose, as soon as possible, to republish, for circulation in the Highlands, a lengthened criticism of the edition of 1860, which appeared in 1870 in the columns of an Edinburgh newspaper, with Dr Clerk's replies, that our Highland countrymen may have an opportunity of judging as to the value of the alterations which he and Dr Maclauchlan have introduced, as improvements, into the Gaelic Scriptures. Meanwhile you may be able to find space for the following statements, which are the result of a careful and minute examination of the edition of 1860, including the impression of 1868 :—

1. That edition contains numerous errors and anomalies which do not occur in any previous edition of the Gaelic Scriptures. At the request

of the Society, I submitted lists of those errors and anomalies to Dr Mackintosh Mackay, who, as is well known, was the most eminent Gaelic scholar of his time, and his report to the Society fully corroborated all my statements as to the extremely inaccurate character of the edition of 1860. Several of the errors seriously affect the meaning and structure of the places in which they occur. My list of anomalous spelling, by no means an exhaustive one, contains about 500 different words. Many of these anomalies occur in previous editions, but many of them are found only in the edition of 1860.

2. Many typographical errors, some of them destroying the meaning, are to be found in the edition of 1860, which are not to be found in any previous edition.

3. Typographical errors in the 4th. edition of 1826 are reproduced in the edition of 1860 without being corrected.

4. Typographical and other errors in the 4th. edition of 1826, which were corrected in subsequent reprints, remain uncorrected in the edition of 1860.

5. In innumerable instances a part of a syllable, in forms, which must invariably be read like monosyllabic words, are found at the end of a line, whilst the remaining part of the syllable is found at the beginning of the next line. The difficulty which this division of monosyllables creates in reading Gaelic must be sufficiently obvious.

6. Numerous colloquial and corrupt forms of expression, some of them of a most offensive character, were, for the first time, introduced by rule into the edition of 1860.

7. Most, if not all, of the orthographical changes introduced, as improvements, into the edition of 1860, are the result of entirely erroneous ideas of Gaelic and its structure. The following are examples :—

(1) The preposition *an* (in), the modern form of the old Gaelic preposition *in*, cognate with Lat. *in* and Eng. *in*, is written with an apostrophe before it, to represent it as a contracted form. One of the editors regarded it as a contracted preposition, "ann an" being the full form, whilst the other regarded it as the article with the preposition *ann* before it! The ancient form *in*, of this preposition shews that both views are erroneous.

(2) I find *gu-n* for *gu'n* in the impression of 1868 (1 Peter ii. 21) to indicate that, as held by the editors in the joint committees of the Established and Free Churches on the Gaelic Scriptures, the *n* is merely a euphonic letter, and that therefore it is not essential to the construction. The eclipse by *bh* of the initial radical letter of the verb in "gu bheil," an expression founded upon as supporting the view of the editors, proves conclusively that the *n* of *gu'n*, in Old Gaelic *con*, represents the relative, preceded by the prep. *gu*, in Old Gaelic *co*.

(3) The editors have uniformly substituted *cha-n* for *cha'n*, to indicate that they regard the *n* as merely euphonic. "Cha'n 'eil" is sufficient to prove that their view is erroneous. The Scottish *cha'n* like the Irish *nocha*, is from the Old Gaelic "ni con," *n* representing the relative, as in *gu'n*.

(4) *Ata*, in old Gaelic *atà* and *attà*, a compound of *ta* (is), is common in spoken Gaelic, in such phrases as "Ata sin fìor," "Ata mi ag ràdh

riut." It is frequently used in all the editions of the Gaelic Scriptures issued previous to that of 1860, the editors of which regarded *a* before *ta* as redundant. They, therefore, as a rule, deleted it, and thus an interesting and expressive verbal form which still exists in the spoken language has been removed from the Scriptures, and the weakened form *tha* has been generally substituted in its stead.

In their eagerness to remove every trace of *ata* from the Scriptures, the editors have sometimes deleted the relative *a* (cf. John iii. 4) mistaking for the *a* of *ata*, which, in some previous editions, had been erroneously separated from *ta*.

(5) In the edition of 1860 *bhitheas* has been substituted, as a general rule, for *bhios* (will be), the editors being of opinion that *bios*, the modern form of the ancient future relative *bias*, is a contraction of *bhitheas*!

(6) In spoken as well as in written Gaelic, the nominative plural frequently ends with a vowel, as *nithe*, *briathra*, *beatha*. In the edition of 1860, *n*, which does not essentially belong to this case, is added to the vowel termination, not *causa euphonie*, as in the edition of 1826, but as a general rule. Thus, the regular nominative plural is banished from written Gaelic, while it is still in use in spoken Gaelic.

(7) By an abundant use of apostrophes to mark inflections that often have no existence, the editors of the edition of 1860 have converted indeclinable into declinable words. For example, the noun *tighearna* (lord), in old Gaelic *tigerne*, is made *tighearn* in the nominative, and *tighearna* or *tighearn'* in the genitive. I have reason to believe that one of the editors has become sensible of the difficulty of changing the structure of Gaelic, and that he is resolved, for the future, to let indeclinable words remain indeclinable!

(8) Examples have already been given of the use of apostrophes in this edition to mark elisions where there are no elisions. I shall now add another of frequent occurrence, although erroneous. The infinitive in Gaelic is a substantive, and is subject to the same rules of construction as any other substantive. It governs the noun following in the genitive, and is itself governed in the dative or the accusative according as the governing word takes the dative or the accusative after it. For example, the infinitive *bith*, (being) in old Gaelic *buith*, but now erroneously written *bhi*, is preceded and governed by prepositions, as "a bhi," or "do bhi" (to be), "gu bhi" (to being, with being), "o bhi" (from being), "le bhi" (by being), "gun bhi" (without being) "air bhi" (on being). Overlooking this simple rule of Gaelic construction, the editors of the edition of 1860 imagined that this infinitive must always be preceded by the preposition *a* or *do*, either expressed or represented by an apostrophe. They, therefore, frequently wrote "gu 'bhi" for "gu bhi," "o 'bhi" for "o bhi," "le 'bhi" for "le bhi," "gun 'bhi" for "gun bhi," and "air 'bhi" for "air bhi," to indicate that they regarded "gu do bhi," "o do bhi," "le do bhi," "gun do bhi," and "air do bhi," as the full forms of these expressions!

(9) The pronoun *do* (thy) is written *t'*, in both ancient and modern Gaelic, before nouns beginning with a vowel, as "t'òglach" (thy servant), "t'ùrnaigh" (thy prayer). In the edition of 1860 *d'* has been substituted for *t'*, contrary to the invariable pronunciation, and in disregard of

the important fact noticed by Dr Stokes (cf. Ir. Gl., p. 80) that *t* must have been the original letter, as shown by Sansk. *tava*, Lat. *tuus*, and Eng. *thy*.

(10) Dr Masson has happily remarked that the change of the prep. *do* into *de* in such sentences as "Smuainicheadh a leithid sin de dhuine so," &c., is "the great grammatical improvement" which the edition of 1860 professes to have introduced into the Gaelic Scriptures! It must be borne in mind that *d*, before or after a small vowel, has invariably its soft sound, and that, therefore, *de* in the above sentence must be pronounced very nearly like *je* in *jelly*, and exactly like Gaelic *deth* (of him, of it). But the editors have not been satisfied with the introduction of *de* into such sentences as the above, in which its use is contrary to modern Gaelic pronunciation. They have also introduced it into places in which it completely destroys the sense, as shown by the following examples:—"Duine de Bhetlehem Iudah" (Ruth i. 1); "Agus anns an treas bliadhna de Hoseah mac Elah rìgh Israeil" (2 Kings xviii. 1); "Bithibh baigheil riu air ar son-ne, a chionn nach do ghleìdh sinn de gach fear a bhean anns a' chogadh" (Judges xxi. 22).

I do not object to the use of *de* in such sentences as "aon de 'n t-sluagh" (one of the people, i.e., one from among the people), "ghèarr e geug de 'n chraoibh" (he cut a branch off the tree); but nothing can be more contrary to Gaelic idiom than the general use of this preposition in the edition of 1860.

(11) The tenacity with which old idioms retain their place in a language is shown by the prevailing use in spoken Gaelic of the phrases, "Tha fhios agam," "Tha fhios agad," &c., where *fios* is aspirated because it is preceded by the possessive pronoun understood. "Tha fhios agam" thus means, literally, "I have its knowledge," or "I have the knowledge of it." "Tha fhios agam gu bheil an là fuar" (I have the knowledge of it that the day is cold). The attempts of former editors of the Gaelic Scriptures to banish this idiom from written Gaelic have been fully endorsed by the editors of the edition of 1860.

(12) But the editors' efforts in the direction of improving the Gaelic language have not been restricted to the discarding of living idioms. They do not hesitate, when they deem it expedient or desirable, to create new ones. One example will suffice here. Puzzled, apparently, as to the construction of such phrases as, "Co fhad as sin" (Psalm ciii. 12); "Am fad is beò e" (Rom. vii. 1, 2); "Am feadh is beò a fear" (Rom. vii. 3); "Air chor as nach ban-adhaltranach i" (Rom. vii. 3); they considered that the introduction of the conjunction *agus* (and), or, at least, of a part of *agus*, might help to clear up the difficulty. Accordingly, in the edition of 1860, "am fad is beò e" and "am feadh is beò a fear" (Rom. vii. 2, 3) have been altered, but not improved, into "am fad 's is beò e," and "am feadh 's is beò a fear," the parallel construction, "air chor as nach ban-adhaltranach i," in the same place, having been left as in former editions. In all these places, the construction is plain; but the orthography, in all the editions, is irregular. The phrases should be written, "Co fhad a's sin"; "am fad a's beò e"; "am feadh a's beò a fear"; "air chor a's nach ban-adhaltranach i."

To the above examples others of a similar nature might be added, but those given are sufficient to shew the kind of improvements on Gaelic

orthography, for which we are indebted to the editors of the 1860 edition of the Gaelic Scriptures.

I may be permitted to add here that for both of the gentlemen, whose editorial work I have criticised so freely, I entertain, on personal grounds, very great respect, and that I regret that it is necessary, in the interest of the Gaelic Scriptures, which Highlanders so highly prize, to make the above remarks.—I am, &c.,

ALEXANDER CAMERON.

BRODICK, 16th July 1879.

GENEALOGICAL NOTES AND QUERIES.

—o— A N S W E R S.

ROSSES OF INVERCHARRON.

I AM unable to give at present authentic information regarding the Rosses of Invercharron previous to 1600 or so, but observing some inaccuracies in "J. D. M'K.'s" note thereanent, I deem it right to supplement it at once.

The first of the family was William Ross, second son of Sir David of Balnagowan, Knight,¹ who (Sir David) died in May 1527.² He was sometimes called William of Ardgay.¹ His direct succession is *non est*. But between 1600 and 1797 there were eight generations and nine Lairds of Invercharron,² the last being William, who was son of David, who was son of William, who was son of William, who was immediate younger brother of Walter, who were both sons of Walter who was son of William, who was son of Alexander (Sas. Invas. Retours Deeds). Alexander of Invercharron died in September 1619.³ Alexander was survived by his spouse, Isabella Ross, who, on 26th February 1632, is mentioned as wife to a "discrete young man," Alexander Ross Thomassoun, in Tuttumtar-wigh.⁴ The facts of her discreet "young" husband in 1632 and of Walter, Alexander's grandson, being married ante 1625 suggest she may have been a second wife. His younger sons were Donald⁴ Alexander, in 1629 "in Balnagowan," and in 1641 "now in Drumgillie," whose wife was Agnes Macculloch,⁵ George lived 1638 (Retours), Houcheon lived 1603 and 8,⁶ John lived 1603,⁷ Thomas lived 1607-1649.⁸ Sir Robert Gordon mentions two sons, Nicholas and David, who went "to the wars" with Sir Donald Mackay about 1626 (and possibly as he is neither prais-

1. Tables said to be in possession of Balnagowan.

2. Kal Ferne.

3. Kal Ferne.

4. Sas. Invas., 30th July 1637.

5. Sas. Invas., vol. 4, 167, 20th Oct. 1641, and 11th Aug. 1652.

6. Sec. Sig., vol. 76, 253 and 77-221.

7. Sec. Sig., vol. 76, 73 243.

8. Sas. Invas., 21st May 1607, and 16th May 1649.

ing his ancestors nor dispraising their enemies, he may be credited), David being appointed, in 1631, Adam Gordon's Lieutenant in Sweeden. In 1595 remission of slaughter is granted to Nicholas Ross of Culnahal and Walter Ross of Cutumcarrach (Tutumtarwigh?), brothers of William Ross of Invercharron, for being art and part in the murder of Captain James Ross,⁹ it not appearing whether they were brothers of William, son of Alexander of Invercharron, who is frequently during his father's lifetime designated "of" Invercharron, or of a previous owner. William "appeareant" of Invercharron, has himself, in 1605, a remission for being art and part in the murder, in June 1593, of two savages called Gillchrist Makeondachie and Alr, his son,¹⁰ and in 1606 the King grants him escheit of the guids of Jon Ross in Mulderg.¹¹ William died 13th October 1622, and was buried at Kincardine on the 15th¹²—the good monks calling him "ane honorabil man." His younger sons were Hugh and Alexander.¹³ Previous to 1625 Walter, William's son¹⁵ and successor, also Alexander's grandson, had married Isobella (or Elizabeth) Monro,¹⁶ who, by 25th Febauary 1614, had been relict of James Innes of Calrossie.¹⁷ Some printed authorities call her Christian, daughter of Andrew son of George Monro of Milntoun. Her name, however, is not in the pedigree in possession of Milntoun's representative. Of Walter's family, Janet, on 7th October 1639, is about to marry Thomas Ross of Priesthill,¹⁸ by 15th April 1641 she is his wife,¹⁹ and by 12th August 1664 she is relict of Kenneth Mackenzie of Scatwell.²⁰ A Christian Ross, who was spouse of Hugh Macleod, 1st of Cambusecurrie is said to have been another daughter. Walter and spouse continue to appear in record until 1652, and on 5th July said year, his son, William Ross of Gruinyeard, "consents" to a legal instrument granted by his father.²¹ William's spouse was Jonet Innes.²² As will be seen from Cont. Mat. below, William succeeded his father.

On 30th December 1661 William of Invercharron grants a charter of Invercharron to his eldest son and apparent heir, Walter, and to Walter's spouse, Margaret Gray, relict of George Murray of Pulrossie²³ (daughter of Alexander Gray 'of Creich, by Isobel Bane, daughter to Alexander of Logie.) Walter dies without issue, as is shown by his brother William's contract of marriage of 9th June 1677, with Christian Ross, daughter of Malcolm, 1st of Kindeis (previously called "portioner of Midganie" and owner "of Knockan," younger son of David Ross, 2d of Pitcalnie), by which he binds himself to be served, retoured, and infest to the late Walter of Invercharron, his grandfather, William of Invercharron, his father, and Walter of Invercharron, his brother. William had a brother Hugh,²⁴ designed "of Glastullich," which he held on charter of apprysing—"of Braelangwell" on contract of wadset—and "Tutor of Invercharron," who married Helen Dunbar, daughter of David of Dunphail,^{24a} relict

9. Sec. Sig., 74 373.

10. Sec. Sig., 74 373.

11. Sec. Sig., 45-43.

12. Kal. Ferne.

13. Sas. Inves., 31st May 1631.

15. Sas. Inves., 9th January 1620.

16. Sas. Inves., 9th June 1625.

17. Sammons.

18. Sas. Inves., 15th October 1639.

19. Sas. Inves., 22d April 1641.

20. Sas. Inves., 14th September 1664.

21. Sas. Inves., 4th August 1652.

22. Sas. Inves., 11th August 1652.

23. Sas. Inves., 30th April 1683.

24. Sas. Inves., 26th August 1687.

24a. Sas. Inves., 7th September 1678.

of, as second husband, Hugh Macculloch of Glastullich,²⁵ eldest son, of the second marriage, of Andrew Macculloch, 1st of Glastullich. A sister, Janet, married George Baillie of Dunain, and another, Isobella, married, in 1660, Andrew Ross, then appearant of, afterwards 5th of Shandwick. William died between 18th August 1687 and 15th August 1691. His relict married John Ross of Gruinyeard (probably a wad-setter).²⁶ His daughter, Katharine, married John Macculloch, a Bailie of Tayne, son of Angus of Bellacuth, and heir of his father, Sir Hugh of Piltoun.

William, this William's son, has a charter of Easter and Wester Gruinyeards from Sir David Ross of Balnagowan, the superior in 1708, as heir to his uncle Walter, being elder son of William, brother-german, next by birth to Walter,²⁷ those portions of the estate having apparently been in non-entry since Walter's death; and presently William grants an infestment in implement of his marriage contract, dated 22d August 1707, to his spouse, Helen Ross, daughter to his uncle and Tutor, Hugh of Braelangwell.²⁸ They had a daughter, Janet, married, in 1745, Angus Sutherland, residing in Gruinyeard, after tacksman of Kincardine; a son, George; two younger children,²⁹ and their eldest son, David, who, on 2d October 1736, is granted a disposition from the superior, the Earl of Cromarty, of the lands of Invercharron, as eldest son and heir of deceased William, his father.³⁰ David of Invercharron married Isobella, only daughter of Hugh Ross, 8th of Auchnacloch (and Tollie), by Janet, sister of Sir William Gordon of Invergordon, by whom he had David, who died at Ballimore, America, in 179—; Margaret Janet married John Monro, ship-carpenter in London; Hannah and Hughina, and William, his heir. He died in 1758,³¹ his relict re-marrying with Robert Monro in Invercharron.

On 12th March 1861 Lieut. William Ross of Invercharron gives power to Roderick Macculloch, one of his curators, to "make up his titles to David of Invercharron, his father, and William of Invercharron, his grandfather, as by his military employment he must be abroad" (Deed), and on 12th August 1763 he is granted precept from chancery for sasine in Invercharron, which now holds of the Crown in place of the Earl of Cromarty, by reason of his forfeiture, and which had been granted by the said Earl to David his father. On 2d October 1736³² he married Anne Ross, daughter of the 2d, and sister of the last David Ross of Innerchaseley (uncertain whether by first wife, Elspet Sutherland, or by second, Anne Ross) and by post-nuptial contract of 1762, he fixes the succession, failing the heirs of his body, on David Ross, his only brother-german.³³ His children were David, Captain 71st Foot; Helen married David MacCaw, Accountant of Excise in Edinburgh, and Elizabeth, his second daughter; all alive in 1797. A son, Charles, died ante (Deed). The estate was sold between 1790 and 1800, William Robertson of Kindeis purchasing Easter and Wester Gruinyeards; Major-General Charles Ross, Invercharron, with its pendicle of Rhianstron and fishing of Polmorill. Glen-calvie, the other portion of the estate, went to some one else.

25. Sas. Invas., 22d December 1691.

26. Deed.

27. Sas. Invas., August 7, 1708.

28. Sas. Invas., 9th August 1708.

29. Deed.

30. Sas. Invas., 29th November 1736.

31. Retours 1763.

32. Retours, 2d November 1763.

33. Retours, 2d November 1763.

I have not counted Captain David a laird, although his father denuded himself of the lands in the boy's favour in 1769. During these two centuries several owned the estate on appysing—viz.:—Andrew Ross, Provost of Tayne; the Balnagowans; Hugh Macleod of Cambuscurrie; Mr William Ross of Shandwick, &c.

In reference to J. D. M'K.'s Note I may remark it is scarcely probable that the daughter of the Davochmaluag, who died in 1534, was spouse of William Ross who died in 1622, and he gives no authority for the statement. His assertion, giving as reference Sas. 1708, f. 476, vol. 14 (which ought to be vol. 6 of the 4th series), is clearly founded on a misreading, William in one part of the instrument being called heir "of his uncle," *patrui* not *patris*, and in another "son of William brother-german next by birth to Walter." I have not noticed Isobel Monro mentioned, as he says, as daughter of Andrew Monro, and should be grateful for a more direct reference.

LEX.

MACKENZIES OF APPLECROSS.

In reply to query 18, by J. MacLagan, the following from a footnote (p. 440) of "The History of the Mackenzies," just published, will be a sufficient answer:—"This John (V. of Applecross), the last of this (the original) family, deprived his brother, Kenneth, of the property, and past it in favour of Thomas Mackenzie of Highfield, his sister's son. In order to set aside the legal succession, and in order to prevent his brother, Kenneth, from marrying, he allowed him only £80 yearly for his subsistence during his lifetime, which small allowance made it inadequate for him to rear and support a family, so that, in all probability, this has been the cause of making the family extinct. After this Kenneth the succession should have reverted back to Roderick Mackenzie, a descendant of Roderick, second son of John, II. of Applecross, who went to Nova Scotia in 1802, or, failing the family of this Rory, next to his brother's family, Malcolm, who died a few years ago in Kishorn, and, failing heirs of that family, to the other descendants of John of Applecross, viz.:—Kenneth of Auldinie, and John, killed at Sheriffmuir in 1715. *MS. written in 1828.*"

A. M.

CHISHOLMS OF TEAWIG.

In the *Celtic Magazine* of April last, "C.D.A." wants "information respecting the Origin and Pedigree of the Family of Chisholm of Teawig, parish of Kilmorack, Inverness-shire." Two of the best *Seanachis* in the parish of Kilmorack (Christopher Macdonell, Struy, and John Mackenzie, Croicheil) say that the Chisholms of Teawig came originally from Sutherland. They cannot, however, give the pedigree of the Teawig family, nor can they state for a certainty who the present head of the family is. I may here say that I know very respectable descendants of the family alluded to. Were it not that it might be considered a liberty, I would append a list of their names and addresses. So far as I am aware there

is not a man in the parish of Kilmorack who can claim descent—in the male line—from them. There is a lineal descendant (if the genealogists are correct) of the Teawig Chisholms—a Stipendiary Magistrate in the prosperous Colony of Queensland. There is also one of the same stock in business in Greenock; another in Glasgow, and several families in Nova Scotia; one in Fort-Augustus, and one holding a very respectable position in the Isle of Skye. "C.D.A." says that the Rev. Thos. Chisholm and the Rev. David Chisholm, ministers of Kilmorack, were of this family. The Rev. Donald Chisholm, minister of Boleskine, who died a few years ago, was also of the Teawigs. Some members of the family were considered very good soldiers, some good farmers, and others were superior engineers. One Donald Ruadh Chisholm from Teawig had three sons by his wife, respectively named, Hugh, Donald, and William. Hugh remained in the Aird as engineer and millwright for the famous Lord Lovat of 1745. Donald went in a similar capacity to Clanranald, and lived and died in Arisaig. William went to The Chisholm, also as engineer and millwright, and lived and died in Strathglass. An old man who recollected some of the sayings and doings of the eventful 1745, told me that William herein alluded to, was at the head of the Strathglass men, building the old wooden bridge that spanned the river Cannich, with its heavy, heavy, ten couples of the best imaginable native red pine, when they observed a stalwart Highlander fast coming towards them. He enquired rather unceremoniously for The Chisholm. In his own tone of speech, he was asked to explain himself. Instantly complying with this piece of rough and ready etiquette, the stranger—who was a trustworthy man from the West Coast—handed a sealed letter to The Chisholm, announcing the arrival of Prince Charlie in Moidart! Just imagine, if you can, the excitement that news caused in the Jacobite district of Strathglass! But to return to the wooden bridge built at Invercannich in July 1745. Suffice it to say that it stood until the present stone bridge was built, within a gunshot of it in 1817. Thus, for the space of seventy-two years, it stood firm and strong against all floods and storms, and would probably stand for another seventy-two years, if it were required to do so—showing the skill of the builder. It was this William Chisholm and his brother, Hugh, who were the contractors employed by Captain John Forbes for the wood and carpenter work of the present Beaufort Castle, when the Lovat Estates were in the hands of the Crown. Such are a few of the reminiscences of the Teawig Chisholms.

COLIN CHISHOLM.

NAMUR COTTAGE, INVERNESS.

CORRECTION.—My last paper on "Our Gaelic Bible" was hurriedly written, and very hastily corrected. Please note the following corrections as material to the argument:—(1) at the foot of page 352 for 37 read 38; (2) at line 12, page 353, for 1868 read 1863; and (3) observe that the special forms of the letters l, n, r, are used only when these letters are *aspirated*.

DONALD MASSON.

THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—PROFESSOR BLACKIE ON THE SOCIAL ECONOMY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

THE most successful Annual Assembly of this Society which, in many respects, was ever held, came off on the Thursday evening of the last Sheep and Wool Fair. The attendance was the largest we have yet seen at any of the Society's meetings, and the arrangements made by the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, of the Aberdeen *Free Press*, were simply perfect. The singing, music, and dancing were quite equal to, if not in some respects superior, and the speaking was of a higher order, and more practical in its nature than on any previous occasion. The Chief, Lachlan Macdonald, Esq. of Skeabost, dealt with the vexed question of the "Highland Crofter," and the Rev. Alexander Macgregor delivered one of his neat Gaelic speeches, principally dealing with the military spirit displayed by the Highlanders of the past, and especially those of the Isle of Skye, who sent such a large number of distinguished officers and men to the British army in the beginning of the present century.

But the speech of the evening was that of Professor Blackie. It is far too important for mere cursory perusal in the columns of an ordinary newspaper, and we have much pleasure in placing it *in extenso* before the reader, at the same time giving it a more permanent place of record than it could otherwise have.

The Professor proceeded to say he seldom felt more embarrassed in his life, and seldom more pleased, because nothing pleased him more than when he was in the midst of people who were pouring out their souls—gushing out their natural feelings as the waters flow from the breasts of Ben-Nevis. He expressed in sweeping terms the deepest contempt for two classes of Highlanders—those who fawned on the Saxon, who professed they were born to be the humble servants of the Saxon, and who tried to take as much money out of him as possible; and those snobs and sneaks—(laughter)—those fellows who were ashamed of being what God Almighty made them, namely, Highlanders. (Applause.) Highlanders, he said, were the noblest of men—the men who fought the battles of their country in every quarter of the globe, and the men who were ever foremost in promoting the best interests of Great Britain. (Applause.) "I can only say," he continued, "that I am heartily ashamed of those who are ashamed of being Gaelic-speaking Highlanders. (Applause.) I know of no creatures more contemptible, and God grant that I shall be kept a hundred miles away from all such. (Laughter and applause.) I didn't mean to say this, but I have said it; and now I shall say that it gives me the greatest delight and pleasure to be amongst people who respect themselves, and by their self-respect pass a vote of thanks to God Almighty for having made them as they are, Hielanders." (Laughter and applause.) He next denounced those who depreciated Highland music. "Nothing stirs my indignation so much as the ignorance, the pedantry, and the intellectual pride of professors, schoolmasters, and inspectors sometimes—no, not Jolly, however. (Laughter.) No, no, Jolly is a very good fellow—a capital fellow. (Loud laughter and applause.) But I say those pro-

fessors, schoolmasters, inspectors—some inspectors, I mean—(laughter)—school boards, Red Tape managers up in London—and the further away the worse—(laughter)—these fellows imagine and tell you that there is nothing in music and song.” He likened the Gaelic songs to the psalms of David. “But for all that some Hielan’ ministers will tell you that you have nothing to do but to listen to their stupid sermons. (Laughter.) But I tell them here that when they try to put down or discourage the cultivation of these fine old Gaelic songs, they stamp out all that is best and noblest in the soul of the Scottish Highlander.” (Loud applause.) His real speech, he said, he had written for his friend Mr Murdoch, and he would only indicate the heads of it. He agreed with Murdoch in many things, but protested against some of his ideas, especially the idea that a glass of water was better than a glass of wine. (Laughter.) “I can’t understand that. (Renewed laughter.) He must have borrowed that idea from the ministers who speak against the Gaelic songs and against a glass of wine because, very often, they have no wine—(laughter)—but David said that a glass of wine maketh glad the heart of man; and so long as he said that, I’ll enjoy a glass of wine in spite of Murdoch or any one.” The Professor continued—There was a notable debate Upstairs last week on agricultural distress. That is a theme which touches the Highlands as much as the Lowlands; we have had agricultural distress to complain of long before John Bull began to dream of it, and something more than distress—

PRODUCTION AND PRODUCERS.

A few remarks on this subject, not especially touched upon Upstairs, may not seem out of season at the present moment. Since the commencement of the present century, and somewhat earlier, Great Britain and Ireland have suffered largely from the taint of a false principle of social science, borrowed from the economists, which, though veiled for a season by a growth of monstrous prosperity in certain limbs of the body politic, is now beginning to reveal its essential hollowness, and to inspire the most sanguine with no very cheerful forebodings as to the future, both of our industrial activity and our agrarian culture. This false principle is that the wealth of a country consists in money, not in men; in the quantity or quality of merely material products, without regard to the quantity or the quality of the producers. As opposed to the old feudal principle by which society was held together for many centuries, it is sometimes called the commercial principle, and is generally represented by the fashionable philosophy of the hour as an immense advance on that which preceded it. But this is very far from being the case. The feudal burdens and the feudal privileges that in France caused the great revolution of 1789, the starting point of our modern social movements, represented not the feudal system in its natural vigour and healthy action, but in a state of corruption and decadence; besides that, in the Highlands at least, it was not the feudal system which was supplanted by the commercial system, but the old system of clanship which had its root, not in military conquest, but in family kinship. Now, what does this commercial system mean as an acting power in the great machine of society? I am afraid we must distinctly say that if left to its own action, and unseasoned

by higher influences, it means mere selfishness. It means money ; it deals with purely material considerations, not only divorced from, but not seldom altogether opposed to what is moral ; it means buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest ; it means taking every possible advantage of a weak and ignorant neighbour for your own gain ; it means not merely spoiling the Egyptians—which was a very legitimate thing in the circumstances—but it means spoiling the whole world without regard to the happiness, comfort, or well-being of your fellow-creatures, provided you enrich yourself. If you think this strong language, remember what I have just said, that the pure commercial spirit, especially in a country like Great Britain, composed of a remarkable variety and contrariety of social elements, is counteracted by a number of kindly influences which temper its virus considerably, and shorten its range ; but fundamentally the proposition stands true—there is nothing generous, chivalrous, or noble in trade ; the striking of a bargain and the making of a profit is, or must be, a selfish business ; and if the whole world were constituted up to the highest power on the commercial principle, society would be divided into two great classes, one striving to overreach the other and the other class too clever and too strong to be overreached ; generally, however, as the world is constituted, men whose rule of life is the trade principle, find a party on whose weakness and whose ignorance they can act in building up a gigantic fortune for themselves at the expense of their poorer neighbours. For such a state of society, when the whole world is viewed as a bazaar and the people of the world a congregation of shopkeepers, there can be no room for any kindly considerations of human kindness as a cement of society. The only bond of society in a bazaar is cash payment. But the actual world is not a bazaar, neither are all men always shopkeepers, and eager in every transaction of the twenty-four hours for a pecuniary profit ; the world, in truth, were not worth living in if it were so. Society in the proper sense of the word would not be possible ; a virtual war would take its place, of every man against every man to cheapen his neighbour's value and to raise his own. It is plain therefore that the commercial system as a binding principle of human association is a mistake ; it is a principle in its nature essentially anti-social ; for the only natural bond of society is mutual dependence, mutual esteem, and mutual love. Of this true, natural, and healthy bond between the different classes of society, there was a great deal in the so-called feudal system of the clans ; in the modern commercial system, borrowed from trade, there is none of it ; and we see the consequences. Since the commercial inspiration became dominant in the Highlands, money has increased, but men have decreased. Money, which in its legitimate sphere is a grand engine of social progress, and ought always to mean, when applied to any given country, an acceleration of useful exchanges among the people of the country, has in the Highlands of Scotland asserted its presence by causing the people altogether to disappear, among whom exchanges were to be accelerated. How should this have taken place ? Simply because certain great landed proprietors, taught by their own natural unselfishness, and the doctrines of a certain school of economists, usurping the throne of social science, after losing the authority, and the social status, which previous to the brilliant blunder of the

Forty-five, they had enjoyed, began to make money their chief god, and, descending from the moral platform of protectors of the people, to the material level of traffickers in land, to look upon the swift increase of rents as the only test of social well-being; and with this view whenever the existence of the people or the soil tended to retard the return of large immediate pecuniary profit into their pockets, they did not hesitate to sacrifice the people, and to respect their pockets. Of course, I am not bringing any charge here against whole classes of men, nor do I by any means intend to say that the landlords of Great Britain generally are the wicked class of society, as John Stuart Mill said they were the stupid class. I am merely stating the strong features of the case that you may see how the commercial principle, according to undeniable statistical evidence, did act when it became securely enthroned in the breast of certain of our landed proprietors in the Highlands; though at the same time I am not so ignorant of the social history of this country, as to imagine that the pure selfishness of the commercial spirit could have achieved the destruction and degradation of our Highland peasantry, which we now have to lament on so portentous a scale, had it not been assisted by other influences all converging in a series of rash unreasonable plunges to the same disastrous result. But favoured by these desocialising influences and unhappy circumstances, a certain number, I fear a majority of our landed proprietors, did what they did, and contributed more or less to the agrarian ruin of the people whom it was their duty to protect. And now let us see a little more in detail what forms this unsocial work of rural depopulation in the special circumstances of the Scottish Highlands naturally assumed. The first shape that the commercial inspiration took was in a demand for

LARGE FARMS

of every kind, but especially sheep farms. What is the advantage of large farms? They enable the proprietor to fish his rent at one cast from the pocket of one big tenant, rather than from the pockets of ten small tenants; with this convenience the laird is naturally very much pleased, and his factor more so; one big farm house also, with steadings, costs less than ten little ones; and further, when you have got rid of the poorer class of the peasantry by shovelling them into the nearest burgh, driving them into the Glasgow factories, or shipping them across the seas, you will have no poor-rates to pay and no poachers to fear. It may be also, in certain cases, that you increase the productiveness of your land by diminishing the number of the producers. But this is by no means either a clear or a general case; and any person who doubts the superior productiveness of small farms in many cases has only to divest himself of the shallow cant of a certain class of easy factors and ignorant lairds, and cast a glance into the agricultural statistics of Belgium, France, Tuscany, Denmark, Germany, and other continental countries. Besides, even supposing the laird and the big farmer could divide a few hundreds more between them, when the big farmer got possession of the whole district, dispossessing all the original tenants, the State wants men, and Society wants men, and the country demands its fair share of population as well as the town; and granting for the moment that so much greater production in the shape of money is the supreme good, it is not the quantity of

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money in the pockets of the few, but the money well distributed and fairly circulating through the pockets of the many, in which the real well-being of a district consists. If in one district, with a rental say of £10,000, we were to find a population of two hundred families, small proprietors or small tenants, all resident on the spot, applying themselves assiduously with their own hand to the cultivation of the soil, forming a pleasant society among themselves, and spending their money mostly in the district, or not very far from it; and if in another district of the same rental we found one wealthy laird with only half-a-dozen big farmers, does any person imagine that the latter represents a more natural or a more desirable condition of agrarian life than the other? In all likelihood the proprietor with such surplusage of cash will begin to think himself too mighty to live quietly with quiet people in the country; he must go to London and spend his money in idle luxury, slippery dissipation, and perilous gambling there; or he may go to Florence and buy pictures; or to Rome and traffic in antiquities; or to Frankfort and swallow sovereigns for a brag in the shape of large draughts of Johannis Berger—all ways of spending money, for which British society is little or nothing the better, and the district of which God made the spender the natural head and protector, certainly a great deal the worse. And in case you should be inclined to think that my advocacy of small farms is the talk of an unpractical sentimentalist, I refer you to the solid and sensible remarks of the Earl of Airlie on the same theme, in the current number of the *Fortnightly Review*. So much for the lamentable results of the commercial spirit which, substituting the love of money for the love of men as the alone bond of connection between the different classes of society, has culminated in that antagonism of tendencies and hostility of interests which are so frequently seen in the Highlands between the lord of the land and the cultivator of the soil. Another inadequate principle adopted by the proprietor from our *doctrinaire* economists is the

DIVISION OF LABOUR :

a principle well-known to Plato and Aristotle, and which, within certain limits, is essential to all progress of human beings in the utilities and the elegancies of life, but which, when allowed full swing according to the favourite fashion of our economical materialists, makes us pay too dearly for the multiplication of dead products by the deterioration and degradation of the living producer. To create and perpetuate a race of men who can do nothing but make pin heads, is no doubt a very excellent arrangement for the pin heads, but a very bad arrangement for the heads of the men who make them. Apply this to the Highlands and see how it works. The old Highlander was a man who could put his hand to anything, had always a shift for every difficulty, and has proved himself the foremost man in any colony; but the existence of such a shifty fellow being contrary to the universal application of the doctrine to which modern society owes the infinite multiplication of pin heads, dolls' eyes, brass buttons, and other glorious triumphs of modern art, we must improve society in the Highlands by his extermination, or certainly by his expatriation; for, according to the great principle of the division of labour scientifically applied to the Highlands, that part of the world once so absurdly populous

and so clumsily various, should contain only three classes of men—Lowland shepherds to attend to Lowland sheep, English lords and millionaires to run after Highland deer for two months in the autumn, and Highland gamekeepers to look after the deer when the south-country Nimrods are not there. No person, of course, will imagine that in these remarks I wish to run-a-muck against such a native and characteristically Highland sport as

STALKING THE DEER.

It is in the school of deer-stalking that our best military men and great geographical explorers have been bred. It is only when deer-stalking is conducted on commercial principles that it interferes with the proper cherishing of population in the country, and is to be looked upon with suspicion by the wise statesman and the patriotic citizen. Certain extensive districts of the Highlands are the natural habitation of the deer, and no man objects to finding them there or shooting them there. But when extensive tracts of country are enclosed and fenced round, and sent into the market as deer forests, the State has certainly a right to enquire whether this is done in such a way as not to interfere with the well-being of the human population who have for centuries inhabited happy dwellings, along the green fringes and sheltered nooks which belong to these wild districts. Now, the fact I am afraid is, that under the action of commercial principles the human kind are sometimes sacrificed to the brute kind, and a whole district, once dotted with a happy population, systematically cleared of men, that it may be plentifully stocked with deer. For it is impossible not to see that the professed deer-stalker is the natural enemy of the human population on his borders; and, if he has paid down some £2000 or £3000 a year for the monopoly of shooting stags within a certain range, he will think himself fairly entitled, on the mercantile principle to demand from the proprietor, that as many of the poor tenantry as hang inconveniently on the skirts of his hunting ground shall be ejected therefrom as soon as possible, and no new leases granted; while, if he is the proprietor himself, he will gradually thin out the native crofters (whom a patriotic statesman like Baron Stein would rather have elevated into peasant proprietors), and plant a few big farmers at a sufficient distance from the feeding ground of his antlered favourites. This is the fashion in which a materialistic economy, division of labour, and aristocratic selfishness may combine to empty a country of its just population, carrying out logically in practice the anti-social principles of Macculloch and other doctors of that soulless science which measures the progress of society by the mass of its material products rather than by the quantity and quality of its human producers.

PRACTICAL REMEDIES.

Let us now enquire what hope there may be of recovery from these errors, and what legislative measures in these reforming days may help us to restore the social equilibrium of our agrarian classes which has been so one-sidedly deranged. First of all the spokesmen of public opinion in the press and the pulpit, and every man of any social influence in his place should set themselves to preach on the housetops an altogether different gospel from that which the economists have made fashionable—the very

old gospel that the love of money is the root of all evil, and that nothing but evil can possibly spring to a society whose grossly material prosperity grows luxuriantly, it may be, for a season out of such a root of bitterness. Something may be done in this way, especially with a class of people in whom the selfishness of the mere merchant may be considerably tempered by the generosity of aristocratic traditions. But the mere preaching of this gospel, even though all the pulpits should ring with it, will, I am afraid with the great body of those to whom it is addressed, have little effect; for the moral atmosphere of this country has been so corrupted by mercantile maxims that it is difficult to move one man out of twenty to do the smallest thing for the benefit of his fellow-creatures unless you can prove to him that it will "pay." More hopeful it may be to attempt interesting the manufacturing population of the towns in the welfare of their rural neighbours; showing them how the home trade, when wisely cultivated, acts with a more steady and reliable force on home manufactures than the foreign trade, and that a depopulated country and an impoverished peasantry are the worst possible neighbours that an energetic urban population can possess. An occasional sermon on this text, with a few practical illustrations from European experience in various countries, where our monstrous system of land monopoly does not prevail, might no doubt be useful. As for the evil done to the agricultural population by free-trade, there seems no doubt that the danger from this quarter, not inconsiderable now, is likely to become greater. But however wise it may be in France and Germany and other countries to protect their native manufactures against the overwhelming activity of British traders who, for their own aggrandisement, would gladly see the whole countries of the world remaining for ever on the low platform which belongs to the producers of all raw material; nevertheless, it is in vain to expect that statesmen in this country will ever revert to the policy of protection, when that policy means the raising the price of food to the seething mass of people in our large towns, whom our feverish manufacturing activity keeps constantly in an unhealthy oscillation betwixt the two extremes of plethora and want. What, then, is to be done? Plainly we must buckle ourselves—submitting with a wise grace to a permanent lowering of rents through the whole country—to the readjustment of our land laws which, by universal admission, are in some respects the worst possible, and directly calculated to keep up rather than to break down the unnatural antagonism of interests between the lords of the land and the occupiers of the soil, to which our present abnormal agrarian condition is mainly attributable. Our land laws, as a matter of history, were made by the aristocracy, and interpreted by the lawyers for the aggrandisement mainly of the aristocracy, and not for the preservation of the people. This was natural, and we may say necessary; for it is one of the most trite maxims of political science, that any class of persons, entrusted for long periods of time with unlimited and irresponsible power are sure to abuse it. Hence the gradual diminution of small proprietors, the absolute non-existence in Great Britain of one of the best classes in all communities, the peasant proprietors, and the maintenance of law of heritable succession, and certain forms of heritable conveyance, which practically tend to lock up the land in the hands of a few, and to remove it in a great measure out of the vital cir-

culatation of the community, and thus we are found at the present moment standing pretty nearly in the same position that Rome stood when Pliny wrote the famous sentence—*Latifundia perdidere Italiam*; "Our big estates have ruined Italy." Of course no man will suppose that I wish to philippize against all large estates in every case as an absolute evil. Here and there, as a variety, especially when the proprietor is a public spirited man, as happens not seldom in this country, they may do good; but in the main they are not to be commended, as tending neither to the greatest utilisation of the soil nor to the greatest prosperity of the people. Every resident proprietor is a centre of provincial culture, and a nucleus of local society; and in an extensive district it is plainly better to have twenty such centres than to have only one. We must, therefore, look upon the accumulation of large estates in the hands of a few as an exceptional phenomenon, which a wise Legislature will think it a plain duty to counteract rather than to encourage; and this can easily be done when the duty is once clearly acknowledged, by modifying the law of succession, by rendering illegal all testamentary dispositions of land under whatever guise to persons yet living, by declaring war, root and branch, against the entail system, by removing without mercy the artificial hindrances which our system of conveyancing lays on the transfer of landed property, by adjusting our laws of land tenure, so as to make them always lean with a kindly partiality to the weaker rather than to the stronger party in the contract, by setting a strict limit to the sporting propensities of idle gentlemanship in every case when it tends to encroach on the industrial use of the soil, by imposing a swinging tax on all absentee proprietors, as persons who, while they drain the country of its money, make no social return to the district from which they derive their social importance, and finally, if it should be necessary, by establishing a national fund for assisting small tenants and crofters in favourable situations to buy up their tenant right and constitute themselves into peasant proprietors with absolute ownership. This last proposal will, of course, be laughed at by a large class of persons in this country, who think everything unreasonable and impossible that is contrary to their own traditions, prejudices, and consuetudes; but men who have little foresight and no thinking are precisely those who, when the hour and the need comes, are found plunging wholesale into the most violent changes. I said that the reversal of our hereditary land policy in this country implied in such changes would be as easy in practice as it is obvious in theory, if only there were an insight and a will; but as matters stand, I much fear the insight is confined to a few, and the will to oppose all social moves in this direction is for the present at least much stronger than the will to make them. Nevertheless, in the natural course of things, if Britain is not to be ruined, these changes must come; and it were the wisdom of our aristocracy, than whom as a whole a more respectable body does not exist in Europe, to take the lead in a series of well calculated reforms tending to give more independence and manhood to the cultivators of the soil, rather than by opposing them to fan the flame of a great agrarian revolution which may break out volcanically and overwhelm them perhaps at no distant date.

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MARY MACKELLAR AT SEA.

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THE first day at sea, after a while ashore, is seldom a comfortable one. There is a feeling of want of accommodation—of going to rough it—a smell of bilge water—the look of tar about the hands of the cook, and divers other matters that jar disagreeably on a delicate organisation. However, after a day or two one who has been at all accustomed to these things falls naturally into the old groove, and the small troubles disappear apace—especially if the weather is anything good. Leaving harbour in a drizzling rain, a foggy atmosphere, and the consequent growling of seamen, is one of the most miserable things imaginable; whilst going off on a dry day, with a breeze of fair wind, gives a most delightful sensation. How grand it is to get right away out of sight of land with a five-knot breeze! The helm managed by a steady hand, the sails full, the salt water gurgling, pale green, in through the lee scuppers, and the sailors all full of buoyant life and energy.

The sea seems to me to impart its own moods to those who sail upon it, and above all do they get that restlessness that in all its moods belongs to the great and mighty deep. How anxiously the sailor's eye is ever turned to the constantly changing face of the heavens, watching every sign. And always, when in the cabin, scanning the face of the barometer in case it may have a sudden warning to give. Even in a calm this unrest exists, for then the sailors go whistling about for wind with that low broken whistle which a shepherd uses in calling his dog; and it is a common habit among sailors to stick a knife in the mast towards the "air" from which they wish the wind to come. A calm at sea is not really pleasant. Sometimes the undulating motion of the sea continues when there is not a breath of wind, and then it is most disagreeable. But even when the ship lies gently on the bosom of a glassy sea it is not pleasant. The quiet is so different from that of a mountain glen—for the sea has not the voices that make the country glad. The continued flapping and rustling of the sails too becomes disagreeably monotonous, and there is also the feeling that no progress is being made towards the wished-for goal. But then how delightful it is when the calm is over—when a gentle breeze springs up at night, filling the sails. Again the ship feels her helm and keeps her course. The star light dances on the waves, and the moon makes a path of gold from the ship's side to where the sea seems to kiss the gates of heaven. The rippling sound on the vessel's prow, like a low crowing song of gladness, may well be likened to a lullaby; and the lights and shadows blend so wonderfully all around. How difficult on such a night to tear one's self away from the influences of such magic beauty to go to sleep. There is something so lofty and great in such surroundings. Away from the noisy haunts of men. Alone with God. I have often sat up on such a night and watched the coming of morning from the first streak of dawn until, amidst roseate and gold—blue, silver, and grey—the sun arose, large and red, from the bosom of the deep; then, as he hastily climbed the heavens, he became quickly smaller, and lost the red hue—becoming once more the glory and blessing of our half of the world.

How strangely one gets to know all the sounds of the sea, and the ear ever strains to catch the meaning of its voices. A dull thud upon the ship's bows, a "whish" from the crest of a wave, as it sends its spray into the sailor's face, would even in my bed at midnight make me listen for the moaning, and sobbing, and upheaving that told of approaching "heavy weather." Boisterous weather continuing is much more disheartening than a gale of wind. In a right storm there is a visible foe to combat, and the battle gives dignity and manliness—a sense of victory and independence. As the ship goes down into the trough of the sea, and rises again upon the billow, proudly, like a sea-bird, shaking off the foam, every breast expands, and the man at the wheel, steering her dry-decked almost over the crest of the wave, feels like a conqueror. And it is very wonderful the sense of security that exists in a severe gale among the crew of a staunch, tight-built vessel, with a captain in whom they have confidence, and a ship made snug to fight her battle bravely, without let or hindrance.—*Aberdeen Weekly Free Press.*

THE HISTORY OF THE CLAN MACKENZIE, in the form of a handsome volume of 463 pages, printed in clear bold type (old style), on thick toned paper, Roxburgh binding, gilt top, is now ready. A very limited number of unsubscribed copies remain. In addition to the general history of the Clan, full notices and complete genealogies of the following families are given in the order in which they branched off from the main stem of Kintail and Seaforth:—Allangrange, Dundonnell, Hilton, Glack, Loggie, Gairloch, Belmaduthy, Pitlundie, Culbo, Flowerburn, Letterewe, Portmore, Mountgerald, Lochend, Davochmaluag, Achilty, Ardross, Fairburn, Kilchrist, Suddie, Ord, Highfield, Redcastle, Kincrair, Cromarty, Ardloch, Seatwell, Ballone, Kilcoy, Castle Fraser, Glenbervie, Applecross, Coul, Torridon, Delvine, and Grunard.

HORO CHA BHI MI GA D' CHAOIDH NI'S MO.

In moderate time.

Thoir an t soiridh, ceud soiridh, thoir an t-soiridh so bhuam,
 Chorus — Ho ro cha bhi mi ga d' chaoidh ni's mo;

A nunn thun nam porta thar osnaich a' chusain,
 Ma thruigh thu mise cha lughad orm thu;

Far an d'fhag mi mo leannan, caol mhala gun ghruaim,
 Na'n tigeadh tu fhathasd, bu tu m'aighear 's mo ruin,
D. C. for Chorus.

'S gur cubhraidh leam d' anail na'n caineal 'ga bhuain,
 'S na'm faighinn do lit - ir gu'n ruiginn thu nunn.

Key B Flat.

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: r	m : - s : m	m : - r : d	r : - d : t.	1. : -

D. C. for Chorus.

'S 'n uair rainig mi 'n cladaich bha m'aigne fo phramh
 A' cumha na maighdinn is caoinhneile gradh,
 'S 'n uair ghabh mi mo chhead di air feasgar Di' mairt,
 Gu'n deach' mi 'n tigh-osda a dh-ol a deoch-slainn'.

'S e so an treas turas dhomh fhein a bhi falbh,
 A dh-ionnsaidh na luinge, le sgiobair gun chearb,
 Le comblan math ghillean nach tilleadh roimh stoirm ;
 'S na'm biodh agam botal gu'n cosdainn sud oirbh !

Ged theid mi 'n bhal-danneaidh, cha bhi sannt agam dha,
 Cha 'n fhaic mi te ann a ni samhladh do m' ghradh ;
 'N uair dbireas mi 'n gleann, bidh mi sealtainn an aird,
 Ri duthaich nan beann, 's a bheil m' annsachd a' tamh.

Mar dhealbha na peucaig, tha'n te tha mi sealg,
 'S 'n uair chi mi an te sin tha m' eibhneas air falbh ;
 Mar ròs air a' mheangan, tha 'n ainneir 'n a dealbh
 'S ged againeadh mo chridhe, cha'n innis mi h ainm.

NOTE.—The above song was sung at the last annual assembly of the Gaelic Society of Inverness by Mr Donald Graham, Oban, the well-known Gaelic vocalist. Neither the air nor the words appear to be generally known in the North, but in the South-West Highlands both are deservedly very popular.

W. M'K.